Saturday Night

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What The UN Must Do To Keep The Peace

BY SIR NORMAN ANGELL

Television's March To Nowhere

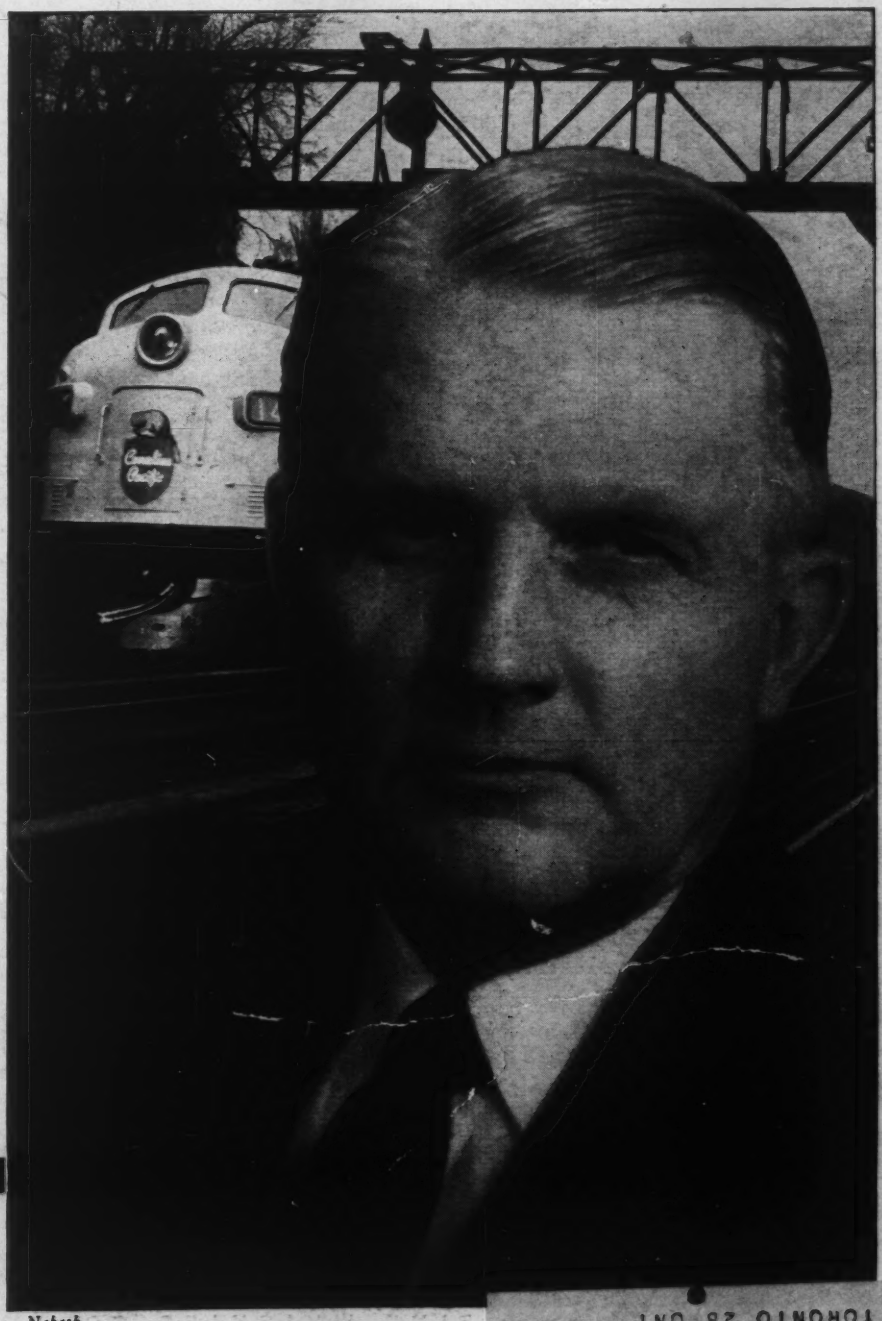
BY HARRY RASKY

Stress As Angel Or Devil?

BY ROBERTSON DAVIES

Borrowing Money: How And Why

BY J. ROSS OBORNE



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Time for an IMPERIAL *Toast*

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THE FRONT PAGE

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- Meat and Potatoes for Voters
- Low Comedy in Egypt
- The Sticky Decisions in 1957

Finishing the Job

THERE is now a steady stream of Hungarian refugees flowing into Canada, and it will not dry up for many months. That is all to the good. But by opening the gates of our country to these gallant people we are discharging only a part of our responsibility; we must also help them become productive and loyal citizens of Canada. We cannot simply dump them here and forget about them — and this is true of all immigrants who come here with little or no knowledge of our language and customs. Our neglect creates problems for the newcomers and for ourselves.

A few days before Christmas, the Canadian Manufacturers' Association sent a circular letter to its 6,500 members. Describing the settlement of the Hungarians as a "moral challenge to all Canadians", it appealed specifically to employers to find jobs for the immigrants: "We all wish to spare them any more (hardships) and share the common hope that they will adjust to the Canadian way of life as smoothly and as rapidly as possible. Fundamental to such an adjustment is the early securing of employment."

The language is stilted, perhaps, but to the point. What it does not say is that, for various reasons, many employers will be reluctant to hire more than one or two of the immigrants. An individual experience may illustrate the difficulties. A few weeks ago a friend of ours tried to find a job for a well-educated 38-year-old man from Central Europe. He failed: the employers did not want to hire anyone over 35 years of age, because of pension-plan complications; they did not want a man who knew little English because he was "difficult" and caused accidents; English-speaking workers were bothered by "foreign jabber" and this caused unrest; and so on. In other words, it was easier for the employers to say "no" than to make a modest effort to overcome the various objections.

Adjustment is not a one-sided obligation, of course. We hope it is being made clear to the refugees that in the beginning they will probably have to take the jobs that are open to them; few of them will be able to pick and choose, at least until they are more comfortable with the language and customs. They should be told about the many thousands of others who have come here, not scorned any employment and then have overcome the initial difficulties.

Hungarian refugees: they must not be dumped here and then forgotten.

We hope that nothing will chill Canada's welcome to the Hungarians. At the same time, it would be silly to deny that there will be no difficulties in getting them settled. But with a little understanding and preparation, the difficulties can quickly be overcome.

Mum's the Word

MRS. Caresse Crosby, an American housewife, would like to see women of all nations take a more active part in promoting peace. Her specific suggestion is that the UN recruit 100,000 women of various nationalities, transport them to the Middle East and employ them to patrol the ground between belligerent forces (male). The UN delegates do not seem disposed to give Mrs. Crosby's suggestion any serious consideration, but we strongly urge them not to be too puffed up with masculine superiority. In most civilized countries, females now outnumber males. Indeed, in the recent U.S. election, as many women cast votes as did men — for the first time in American history. If Mrs. Crosby and others like her really get women worked up about peace, and one of them stumbles across an idea a fellow named Aristophanes had some years ago, things could get pretty uncomfortable even for grey old delegates to the UN.

A Plate of Mush

SOCIAL Credit leaders must be licking their chops as they look over the dish concocted by delegates to last month's Conservative convention. The Tories produced a program of unseasoned pap and handed it to a new chief cook who, apparently, is prepared to serve it up under any name to please the customers. It is a dish, perhaps, that will please the palate of many people who have no taste for political thought, but it has neither sustenance nor flavor for those who look for a conservative diet — and who may now turn to the Social Credit menu for their meat and potatoes.

The glee of the Social Crediters was obvious in such comments as those made by Alberta's Premier Manning. Mr. Manning spoke in tones of sorrow — the sorrow of a tender-hearted tiger preparing to dine on his prey. The "pathetic document" of the Conservatives, he said, "must have been a shock and disappointment to those Canadians who are Conservatives by conviction . . . It contained no statement of fundamental principles

and no trace of historic Tory convictions."

Mr. Diefenbaker may be able to put some flavor into the mush. And it may be that the Tory cooks were unwilling to produce their secret recipes for success at the convention, for fear that the Liberals would simply do what they have done so often in the past — steal them. But we doubt it. It appears more likely that the Tories are now so hungry for power that they can stomach almost anything and consider it a good meal.

Not only does the program avoid any statement of principles, it avoids any statement of specific thought about anything. Foreign affairs? The Tories are for the Commonwealth, NATO and the UN, in a vague sort of way. The "invasion" of foreign capital, about which so much fuss was made at last summer's session of Parliament? The party "observes" that foreign ownership of Canadian industry is increasing. Trade? Unfair practices of other nations are deplored, the need for eliminating our trade deficit is mentioned, conferences are proposed -- and nothing is said about policies to improve our trading position. Social welfare? Old age pensions would be increased, but by how much is not stated — a dollar a month perhaps; a national health program is promised — much the same sort of thing the Liberals are now working on. And so it goes. And so goes the Conservative party.

Wage Scales

RATES of pay alone do not provide much of a standard for comparing the relative importance of different jobs, but they can reveal an employer's standard of values. In a recent advertisement by the Civil Service of Canada, for instance, a physical fitness specialist for the RCAF is offered an annual salary of $6,180-$6,900, while geologists (with Doctor's Degree) are offered $5,460-$6,660; an arts and crafts specialist, again for the RCAF, can earn $5,670-$6,120, while research officers "for International Geophysical Year (university graduates)" can get up to $4,500. Muscle builders and play organizers, it seems, are scarcer and more valuable than young scientists.

Let's Pull Out

AS THE year ended, it was quite clear that the United Nation Emergency Force was only a pitiful substitute for the police force originally proposed by Canada's Lester Pearson. Many will place the blame for this debacle on the UN Secretary General, Dag Hammarskjold, who has found the greasy Nasser too slippery for him. But Hammarskjold, although giving an appearance of dickering with the Egyptian dictator, has really been more of a messenger boy running between the United States and Cairo. It will take more than recriminations to correct the mistakes that have been made, however, and it is up to Mr. Pearson to show the same initiative now that he displayed when the Suez crisis came to a boil.

Mr. Pearson had a pretty definite idea of what the UNEF should do, even if he was hazy about its organization. Its job, he said, was to "police" the ceasefire, the withdrawal of forces, adherence to the armistice agreement, and the restoration of the Canal and "freedom of navigation". Nasser, with the compliance of Hammarskjold (who referred to British crews of salvage vessels as "enemy aliens") and the UN, has managed to

Hammarskjold: Messenger boy.

make low comedy of the Canadian resolution. He has made it impossible for General Burns to carry out the wishes of the Canadian Government and for Canadian troops to be anything but choreboys for a farcical force.

This fantastic state of affairs leaves only one honorable course open to the Canadian Government: to insist that the UN Force do the job that was originally envisaged and, if the demand goes unheeded, to withdraw Canadians, including General Burns, from the Force.

It is intolerable that a defeated and discredited dictator can impose conditions on an international police force. If he gets away with it (and so far he has), the UNEF idea is as dead as a pickled herring. It will be just as difficult to revive. But it is a good idea; if there is to be international law, there must be international policemen. The UNEF was a very modest beginning, but it could have grown into something not only worthwhile but vitally necessary. To make a farce of it now, as Nasser is doing, is to destroy it with the blight of derisive laughter.

Canadians cannot take any pride in what has happened to Mr. Pearson's shining proposal. They are contributing men and money, not to the cause of peace but to the greater glory of an ambitious trouble-maker. Let us withdraw from such a disreputable venture. If we do, we may not rescue the idea but we will at least save honor.

A Few Decisions

IT HAS become almost a tradition, during the bleak days of early January, to give the New Year a shivery welcome and describe it as a Year of Decision. There is a fine weight and roll to the phrase and of course, it cannot help but be true. Time and chance being what they are, each year *is* one of decision. Let us not flout tradition, then, and give the New Year its honored title.

What are some of the decisions that may justify the title? Certainly the UN, NATO and the Soviet Union will have some deciding to do.

If the UN continues to be an organization without any effective power to act, except by consent, it will go the way of the League of Nations. It may continue to live, but as a body without a spirit, something to be derided and distrusted. The UN was able to act in Egypt only by consent of the British, French and Israelis. They could have defied the UN as successfully as have Russia, India, Egypt and a dozen other nations. Hungary was murdered while the UN talked. The League of Nations was destroyed by its failure to impose sanctions. The UN could go the same way — this year.

The North Atlantic Council met in Paris just before Christmas, and out of it came resounding expressions of renewed friendship, mutual understanding and so on. The words were not worth the time taken to utter them. The North Atlantic Alliance is in a fever of disunity and disagreement. Unless members can find a much broader area of common thought on foreign and military policies NATO will stagger through the year (if it manages to survive at all) even more enfeebled than it was during 1956. It must face such problems as the action to be taken if rebellion against Russia flares in East Germany, or the deal to be made if Russia tries to cut her losses in the satellite states.

The decisions to be made by the Soviet Union may be the most hazardous of all — both for the Russian leaders and the rest of the world. There is unrest in Russia as well as rebellion in the satellites. A return to the methods of Stalin or more "de-stalinization" could be equally explosive. And a Kremlin that is desperate could become insane.

These are only a few of the decisions that will color the days of this new year. Under the circumstances, we may consider it a fairly successful year if we are able to greet 1958 with as much hope

Danish members of UN Police on duty in the buffer zone.

Can UN Keep the Peace?

by Sir Norman Angell

The setting up of some effective world authority is, in the nuclear age, quite simply and literally a matter of life and death. We must face failure and examine the cause.

IT IS EASY to be wise after the event. It is also wise. Some nine years ago the United Nations created the State of Israel, approving thus a Jewish dream of two thousand years, a dream which Britain, thirty years previously, had also tried by other means to make a reality. Almost immediately upon the establishment of the new State, Egypt launched against it military operations, assisted intermittently by other Arab countries.

In the large-scale operation of that period Egypt was ignominiously defeated. The first truce was proclaimed by the United Nations in June, 1948. It did not bring war to an end, and there was no treaty of peace between Israel and Egypt either then or later, though various commissions have been set up and resolution after resolution passed, all equally barren. The matter has been raised in the United Nations about two hundred times.

Throughout the whole of those seven or eight years Egypt has insisted that a state of war continues and that ultimately Egypt, assisted by her Arab brothers, will be successful in that war and will extinguish, obliterate, sweep away the monstrous thing the United Nations has created. Nor has this been merely rhetoric in the mouths of the Neguibs or the Nassers. Such acts of war as the refusal to allow Israeli shipping through the Canal have been repeated with complete impunity.

There have been other features of a more heartbreaking kind in this new Seven Years' War: refugees by the hundred thousand rotting hopelessly year after year in the idleness of vast camps, sometimes in actual sight of their former homes. And round those homes the farmers who now work the land must keep watch day and night to be ready to fight the sudden raid, carried out, of course, in retaliation for some previous raid in the opposite direction, itself retaliation for previous retaliation, and so on, while the United Nations passes resolutions: resolutions it had no means of enforcing either by military, economic or political sanction.

And when, outside the United Nations, the Western Allies attempted political or economic inducement or sanction, the effect was usually contrary to that intended, as when the discussion of American aid to Egypt took a turn which provoked Nasser's seizure of the Canal; or when the attempt so to ration arms to Egypt and Israel as to maintain a balance of armament between the two countries brought Russia actively into the situation. Most of the planes, tanks, munitions and vehicles destroyed in Egypt two months ago were discovered to be mainly Russian planes, Russian tanks, Russian munitions, Russian vehicles.

This last fact recalls the curious lack of any sense of proportion in the attention given recently to the respective factors of this situation. The British Government has emphasized mainly the one fact of Britain's supreme interest in keeping open the Canal; and Nasser's despotic power has been presented as the central danger-point. In the Opposition view the Government was guilty of infamous and shameful aggression by its military threat to the independence and sovereignty of a small nation, a reversion to the worst traditions of imperialism. All this has obscured the major fact, the ultimate reality.

For it has become quite obvious that Nasser is powerful only so long as Moscow provides the arms, the technicians, the funds, and so long as he serves the purposes of Moscow. The final result for Egypt of the process to which Nasser has lent himself will be the result we have seen revealed this last decade in nearly a dozen once-independent States—in Poland,

Canadian troops embark for UN service on RCAF transport plane.

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Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, to say nothing of Lithuania, Esthonia, Latvia. It is a process which the United Nations has no more been able to bring to an end than it could bring the Arab-Israeli war to an end even in seven years.

It is not the rights of Egypt or the Arab world that we challenge; it is the policy of Moscow, its quite obvious intention to make Egypt and the Arab world its tool by exploiting first the passions which dominate Egypt-Israeli relations and then the divisive nationalism of the Arab States. By a domination so effected, Moscow would be able to dictate the policy which should rule in the Canal; would be able at one remove to possess it, make it an incomparable means of strangulation directed against the world, West and East alike.

These facts are now beginning to emerge with some clarity. They should be brought into the foreground in the explanation of British policy, making it clear that what we stand for is not merely the free navigation of the Canal—important as that is—but the defence of the Western world, and the values of all free and humane society.

That the United Nations as at present constituted cannot ensure that defence, the event tragically demonstrates. The first decade of the United Nations is the decade which has seen Russia's Communist empire expand with a rapidity and to an extent unequalled by any empire in history.

The setting up of some effective world authority is, in the nuclear age, quite simply and literally a matter of life and death. Given the speed of technological advance in the field of nuclear physics it might prove the indispensable condition of the continuance of human life upon the earth. And the condition of any steady development towards an effective authority is readiness and ability to change those forms of organization which have proved ineffective.

Yet when those of us who have fought for the creation, first of the League and then of the United Nations, suggest that facts like those just cited should be faced starkly and squarely, we are apt to be accused by old friends of "forsaking the cause," betraying it. Here, surely, is fallacy. If an institution is obviously failing to achieve the purpose for which it was founded, our loyalty to those purposes demands that we should face the failure and examine its cause; and the nobler the purposes of the institution, the more compelling the obligation to do just that thing.

The British Government is condemned for the line it has taken. Yet its policy has produced this magical result—magical, that is, in its contrast with the United Nations' record of the last ten years: a UN police force has actually come into being. The simple fact of its sudden ex tence has amazingly modified the attitu of both Egypt and Israel. That fact ho out the hope that if the force can succe in the "smaller" crises it may so devel as to help in the larger.

Can this new force live as part of t United Nations? Questions of organizati and detail immediately present themselv who is to compose it? Are contingen from the Great Powers to be excluded What is to be its future relationship to t Security Council? If that Council is have the last word in direction and cont will the veto be retained?

If the force is to be permanent, ob ously there must be changes of structu in the United Nations. But the proble goes much deeper than that of consti tional detail. The project to endow a wo still predominantly bourgeois with t means of defending its values and cultu retarding thus the coming of the Wo Revolution — clearly this is a proj which challenges the whole philosophy Russia and its Asian allies and will fought tooth and nail, fought by infiltr tion, subversion, sabotage.

How are we to surmount this mountai ous obstacle? And, of course, we must it without precipitating war, which wou not surmount it at all. We shall not su ceed unless we can manage to avoid t mood and method of tackling the intern tional problem which have been so d turbingly marked of late—marked by t passions of partisanship so intense that would seem impossible for men of diffe ing views to take counsel together.

In the very Mother of Parliaments a f weeks ago the Commons ceased to ex as a deliberative assembly and became howling mob. If that can happen in a pa liament made up of people of the sam nation, speech, background, what is like to happen in a parliament of 60 or different nations when they come to hig ly controversial matters such as the a tion to be taken by an international poli force?

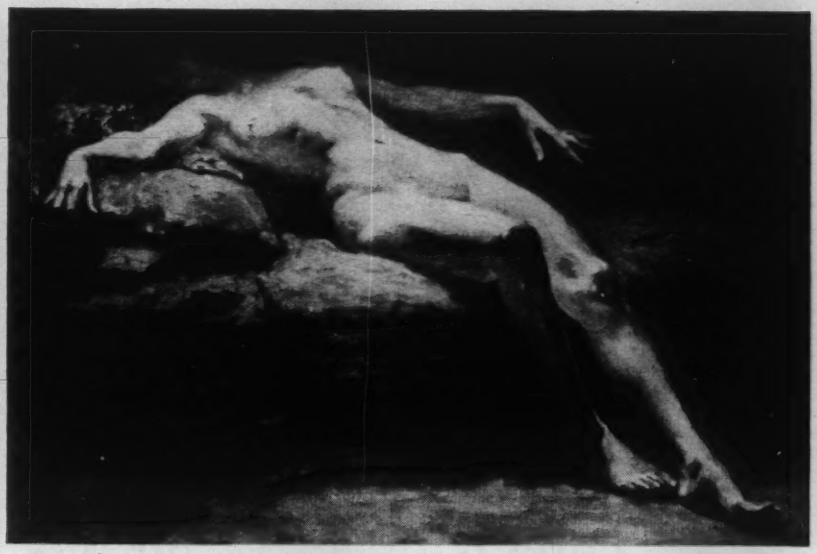
This is the more important because our tendency to assume that our proble will be solved merely by finding the rig kind of constitution for the United N tions. Constitutions are not self-acti The best can succeed only if those w work it are dominated by certain attitud and values. The admirable Weimar cons tution did not prevent the coming Hitler.

To solve our problem there must be general and genuine will to understa the other fellow. Without that no consti tion will succeed. The future of peace gins with ourselves.

Sir Norman Angell, distinguished Brit scholar and writer of "The Great Illusio was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize in 19

Nudes in Canadian Art

"Double Nude" by the late Bertram Brooker shows surrealist influence.

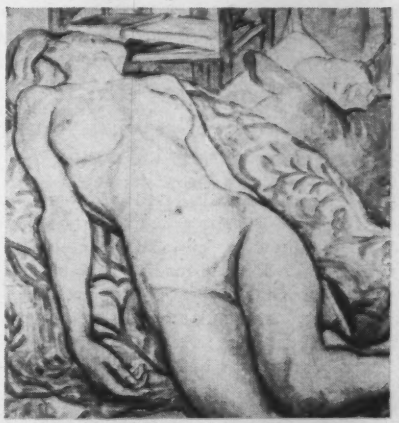


Painted in 1915, this nude by William Brymner is classic academic study. Montreal artist Brymner was one of Canada's best figure artists.

J. W. Morrice painted "Figure in Studio" from Feheley Collection.

CANADIAN ARTISTS have been repeatedly attacked for not painting the human figure. It is claimed that they paint nothing more alive than the jack pine or the aurora borealis. The charge is unjust. Since the days of Cornelius Krieghoff, nudes have been a favorite subject for artists in Canada. And while some of the earlier efforts are almost amusing in their *naïveté*, figure painting during the 20th century has produced some of the country's best art. What has been lacking is public recognition of the artists' studies of the human figure. Attention has been concentrated on landscapes.

Such notable painters as J. W. Morrice, William Brymner, Edwin Holgate and F. H. Varley have painted outstanding canvases of the nude.



Modern Vancouver painter Jack Shadbolt painted "Reclining Nude".

"Lassitude" is a characteristic work by McGill Professor of Fine Art, John Lyman. Lyman is one of Canada's best figure painters.

Ed Sullivan, Desi Arnaz, Lucille Ball.

Ed Murrow: "See It Now".

Thomas J. Kane, $64,000 contestant.

Television's March To Nowhere

by Harry Rasky

TV's problem is that it must be all things to all kinds of men. Result: it shifts fantastically from brilliant to bad.

ON A HOT AUGUST day in 1952, someone in the CBC's master control room in Toronto threw a cue and the letters C-B-C flashed on Canadian screens upside down. Out at the Canadian National Exhibition, as studio director, I, in turn, pointed a nervous finger at commentator Lorne Greene, and Canadian television unofficially was on its way. The question then was "Where is it going?". That is still the question.

We did not enter into this twinkling medium lightly. We were, like Candide, searching naively for "the best of all possible worlds", the best of all possible television worlds. We were the untouchables, not to be affected by, th brash trash of American television. Ther were a few dozen of us, gathered fro radio, films and theatre. Most had man aged well in the other media. What w didn't know was that television was t manage us. It was bigger than the peopl in it — more technical, more compli cated, and most important, more drain ing, than we had ever imagined.

In educational and children's programs we are second to none.

It's interesting to note what has hap pened to those few originals, the "tele vision class of '52". Some have move on to the more lucrative, less "idealistic" world of advertising. Others quickl rushed off to older television worlds i the U.S. and the U.K. Some were pushe upstairs to juggle timetables and sched ules. Some are still there, producin daily, weekly, yearly, quickly forgettin what has gone before. Others have jus said "to hell with it", and moved on

The key job in Canadian television that of Program Director, has change hands half a dozen times since '52. Th man sitting in that hottest of seats ha found that it is impossible to be true t his colleagues, his bosses, the public an himself all at the same time for an length of time. The result: televisio shifts fantastically from brilliant to bad

But no one should rush to damn Can ada. I have observed the birth of com mercial TV in Britain and worked fo American television, and can fairly repor that television history, like any other kin

history, repeats itself. Events elsewhere ere no different. Television is the true ild of the 20th century, aimless, search- g for direction.

Television's problem is that it must all things to all kinds of men. It is lled on to inform and to entertain, to sh out in case of emergency and can- l all regular programs, yet to provide gular programs to make people forget out an emergency. It must wake them in the morning with a smile, provide e weather and news, entertain the child- n, offer cooking information in the ternoon for the housewife, determine nether a man prefers to relax with restling, drama, or a $64,000 game of ance in the evening, tuck him quietly o bed with a smile or a late movie, d in return, accept his abuse—always th a smile.

The public is a cruel task master. The idealist — and there are still many be- hind the television scenes — must virtu- ally ignore large numbers of people if he is to carry out his work well. He knows that he can write and produce the most intelligent of information shows, but *Wrestling* will win the major seg- ment of the audience, even with a bad set of wrestlers. He can try to explain a world in crisis, to find that the world doesn't want to know about the crisis as much as it wants to *Name That Tune.*

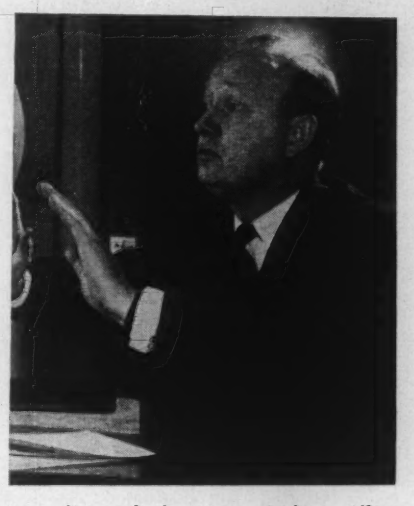
Some have chosen a steady direction and found that it can pay off, at least in prestige and satisfaction. Ed Murrow, the tired-faced, chain-smoking intellectu- al, and his brilliant crew headed by Fred W. Friendly, have been providing excit- ing television for many years. By accept- ing and exploiting the fact that facts can be entertaining, his *See It Now* remains the best example of good taste and good sense on television. But even so he has the sad knowledge that he can not match *Love Lucy's* slapstick or Ed Sullivan's red-faced choir girls from Belfast or Bul- garia ("they're so sweet") for ratings.

Recently the *New York Times'* terse TV critic, Jack Gould, took the major U.S. networks to task for being "stupid, selfish and irresponsible — an absolute mockery of the industry's obligation to serve the public interest" when they did not carry the UN emergency sessions on Suez. He was angry, and added, "When vital history was being made, NBC video was fascinated by *Queen for a Day* in Hollywood". Probably there was little excuse for the networks' lack of interest, but network bosses had a ready answer. NBC's Robert Sarnoff said:

"We covered the national conventions, and do you remember how the critics com- plained about the 'dullness'?" They were right.

Sarnoff had a few things to say about the critics, too: "Unlike the people writ- ing about movies and theatre some TV critics want to act as program editors and controllers. They'll tell you how and where to spend your money and what your obligations are. I appreciate the criticism when it is constructive." Too many TV critics are ready with barbs, and not enough with practical construc- tive ideas. This, too, adds to TV's lack of direction.

It is not true that television does not want to experiment. Television itself is an experiment, a giant experiment that simply lacks more dynamic guidance. NBC, for instance, has given us the Spec- tacular, often a spectacular flop, but nonetheless a new concept. The CBC was



In radio we had a giant. Andrew Allan had the talent and the backing of the CBC brass. Stage *was best in the world.*

the first to offer hour-and-a-half and two-hour drama on this continent—the BBC had already found it worked. Now, CBS with its *Playhouse 90* is offering the best consistent drama series. Every new program idea is an experiment — *Pro- ject 20, Airpower, Wide Wide World,* to name a few.

It is true, however, that television has provided the greatest group of unimagina- tive copyists since the invention of carbon paper. Too many program promoters, both in Canada and in the U.S., think that one man's meat is not another man's poison. *I Love Lucy* started the situation comedy craze, but only *Lucy* gets the ratings. The fantastic success of the *$64,- 000 Question,* the million dollar parlor game, fostered a hundred quiz shows— one of them, *The Most Beautiful Girl in the World,* so badly conceived, that it never got beyond being a title. Another, *Can Do,* just wouldn't do, and didn't last a season.

Our guilt in Canada has been a lack of boldness. In radio we had a giant in the *Stage* series' producer, Andrew Allan. He was daring, and he had the talent and the backing of the CBC brass, to provide what is universally acknowledged as the best radio drama series in the world. Television, more difficult, more man-killing, requires that kind of bold- ness, and an extra amount of blind faith on the part of the men who exercise the veto.

Television costs must be mentioned. Radio was child's play in comparison. (Both *Playhouse 90* and *See It Now* run over $100,000 per program.) As a result, boldness is also required on the part of the advertising executives. It is simple enough for them to buy a "canned" sec- ond-rate filmed drama series, and many of them do. But it takes a daring sense of adventure to pioneer a documentary series or a fine drama. What is needed is a partnership of commercial and pro- gramming interests. It is no game for men with nervous stomachs.

(By the way, not all good shows are high-priced. *Camera Three,* one of the finest series running, is budgeted at well under $5,000.)

In radio, the CBC led the way. To- day's U.S. network executives, who were then students of broadcasting, have told me about the time when they would huddle in front of powerful radio sets to listen to our superior dramas and documentaries. Today, U.S. television bosses know nothing and care less about Canadian TV. They look across the border and smile at pale carbons of their worst programs. And Ed Sullivan by any other name is still Ed Sullivan.

Most U.S. information shows, even the best ones like *See It Now,* are confined to the less attractive viewing times on Sunday morning and afternoon. Canada has offered premium time, but has yet to find the premium quality for such important TV shows.

U.S. television provides such quality shows as *Omnibus.* Another called *Odyssey* is starting this year. In the fall, there are plans for an ambitious series called *The Seven Lively Arts.* Canada, which should lead the way with its government-backed television system, is dragging badly be- hind. Should it show the leadership re- quired to produce quality shows of this kind, the rest of the world, and especially Canadians at home and abroad, would stand up and cheer.

This is not to say that many fine pro- grams do not originate in Canada. Our educational TV and children's programs, when not copying our neighbours, are second to none. In other fields, also, we can sometimes take bows across the bor- der. And we have such fine, unique shows as *Fighting Words.* But what we lack is the kind of adventure and ex- citement we had and cherished back in 1952 when we thought we had TV worlds to conquer. The worlds are still waiting. We have a tradition of talent and taste. What we need more of is the leadership to use it.

Police rescue beaten Red from the crowd.

The Suez Trouble Comes Home to Roost

by Beverley Nichols

Britain faces a gloomy winter—petrol rationing, cold homes, the shadow of widespread unemployment and a nation divided. But a body blow has been given Communism.

WE ALL KNEW — in theory — that we were "on the brink of war". We all knew — in principle — that "our living standards were in danger" and that "the wheels of industry might grind to a standstill". Some of us even had a vague idea that "the hands of a dictator were pressing on our jugular vein". We were aware of these and other unpleasantnesses because they had been announced to us, time and again, by Sir Anthony Eden in a series of well-worn platitudes. But you cannot arouse a nation in language so anaemic, and it is for this reason that so many Londoners had their first sharp, bitter realization of what Suez might really mean to them as individuals when they found the shutters up in their local garages.

Sixty per cent of the garages were closed, the other forty per cent were serving only one gallon at a time. "This brings it home to you," the thwarted weekenders were saying. "Makes you think, doesn't it?" And they drove away slowly, the older ones, thinking; thinking of the black-out; thinking of the black market; thinking of the blitz; thinking of the death wail of the sirens, and the high, salvation note of the All-Clear. But this time, they reflected, it would be different. Not so easy, maybe. One of those atom bombs and London would have had it.

Events are moving so quickly that by the time these words are printed they may be out of date. One thing, however, seems certain; we shall have a gloomy winter. We shall be marooned; we shall be none too warm; we shall be walking in the shadow of widespread unemployment. Perhaps worst of all, we shall be a nation divided against itself.

I am taking no sides in this column — beyond saying that in this age of propaganda it is a tragedy that neither the Prime Minister nor any other member of the Cabinet has proved capable of producing a single arresting phrase that might have illuminated our policy to the British people, or defended it to the outside world. (Oh — for an hour of Churchill!)

But in one's day to day life in London it is quite impossible not to take sides. Feelings are so violent in what is known as "society" that the London hostess who gives a dinner party is never quite certain how many of her guests will still be seated at the table by the time coffee comes round. Even domestic servants are giving notice for purely political reasons.

The Evening News
DECEMBER 17—IT'S PETROL RATION DAY
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Evening Standard
PETROL RATIONING NEXT MONTH—Official
THE STAR
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PETROL ON RATION DEC 17

How the bad news broke in London.

One gain we can count against the catalogue of catastrophe. The British Communist party has suffered a body-blow from which it may never recover. True, the red Dean of Canterbury clings like a senile limpet to his sacred office in spite of the efforts of the vast majority of the Christian community to dislodge him, but even this regrettable person is being sharply reminded of the detestation in which he is held. A fitful shaft of humour lit the gloomy landscape the other day, when the students of Durham University snatched his hat from his inflated head, and promptly raffled it in aid of Hungarian relief — fifteen hundred tickets at threepence apiece. True again, the *Daily Worker* continues its nauseating defence of Russian savagery, but there have been wholesale resignations from the staff, of whom the most important was Peter Fryer, its Budapest correspondent.

The *Daily Worker* refused to print Fryer's on-the-spot dispatch; instead it printed a series of violent attacks on Fryer himself. This is Fryer's comment: "The *Daily Worker* has lied, lied, lied about Hungary. After what I saw of the bravery, the sufferings, and the sacrifices of the heroic people in the face of terrible odds, this insult to their 20,000 dead sickens me. Shame on a newspaper which can spit on a nation's anguish and grief!"

I was among the crowd at Victoria Station that swarmed to welcome the first of the Hungarian refugees. It was a grim, unforgettable scene, played in almost complete silence. This was no time for cheers and flag-waving. The refugees were the most tragic I have ever seen — and I have seen many, all over the world. The Hungarians looked completely stunned. They walked like

automatons, their faces were masks, they were apparently devoid of feeling. One Cockney girl, with tears streaming down her face ran forward and twined a cheap fur collar round the neck of a woman holding a baby. It slid to the ground unheeded. Nobody bothered to pick it up.

After that I joined a crowd that made its way, by various devious routes, to the Marble Arch, the eternal forum of the Londoner in times of stress. I never thought to see a near-lynching in this venerable city, but we nearly had one that night when a solitary Communist dared to get up on the rostrum and scream: "All Hungarian Fascists should be shot." The crowd went for him, with murder in their hearts, and they were kicking him when the police dragged him away. He was given sanctuary in the police station, but five thousand people stormed the building, and it was not till the arrival of the mounted police that some semblance of order was restored.

The total and dramatic change in the attitude of Londoners towards Russia and all things Russian is best illustrated by the fact that only a few weeks ago the Bolshoi Ballet was sweeping from triumph to triumph. The stage box at Covent Garden glittered with royalties; the ageing Madame Ulanova was hailed as though she were a mixture of Joan of Arc, Pavlova and Nurse Cavell; queues of passionate devotees waited all night outside the theatre, significantly attired in corduroys, red ties and scarlet berets.

Now this was a very odd business. Odd, not because it was unnatural of Londoners to wish to show a gesture of friendship to a people from whom we had been too long estranged, but because the ballet itself, from a purely artistic standard, was no great shakes. Indeed, in the opinion of many of us it was third-rate, amateurish, and of quite exceptional tediousness. The music of at least one of the ballets—*The Fountain of Bakhchisarai* — was unfit for public consumption; the decor of all of them was inferior to that of a touring company of *The Dancing Years;* the choreography was more reminiscent of the barracks-square than the dancing academy; and the venerable Ulanova, whatever she may have been in the past, could not hold a candle to our own Margot Fonteyn.

So why all the hullaballoo? And why the ecstatic notices in the press? At the risk of casting doubts on the integrity of members of my profession, I will suggest, indeed I will affirm, that some of those notices were written as gestures of goodwill rather than as expressions of opinion. One eminent critic said to me: "This is an occasion where one's private opinions simply don't count; the Bolshoi Ballet isn't just a ballet, it's an international event; if it got bad notices the Iron Curtain would come down with a clang."

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TRAVEL

The Peru That Faces the Past

by George Woodcock

IT WAS an August morning, and we were leaving the little town of Tingo Maria in the Peruvian jungle. For hours during the night rain had fallen with percussive relentlessness on the broad leaves of the banana plantation outside our window, and now there was a fresh dampness about the dense growth on either side of the narrow road. It gave a jewelled intensity to the green of the fleshy tropical leaves and to the pendulous red and yellow flowers on the wayside bushes. Birds called harshly in the spreading tops of the high trees; a lizard three feet long scuttled over the road; candles glimmered in a ferny grotto that had been turned into a shrine with a ribbon-hung cross; in a compound of cane huts an Indian woman was weaving on a primitive loom tied to a tree, and a girl mashed mandioca in a hollowed tree trunk.

Out of this jungle world — it might have been anywhere from Peru to the mouth of the Amazon — we began to climb tortuously up the steep eastern slopes of the Andes, and gradually the pattern of wooded sugar-loaf hills became evident, falling away into the long violet distance where the broad Amazonian basin lay beyond our sight.

As a landscape in the romantic tradition it was almost too good to be true, and something of the feeling we experienced on looking out over it was shared by the young salesman who had given us a lift in his half-ton truck — nothing less sturdy, he assured us, would survive on the roads of the Andes.

"People tell you many strange stories of this country," he said in his rather harsh Lima Spanish. "They say that somewhere not far from this road there is a village where all the women are tall and fair-skinned, and so beautiful that once a man goes there he never returns." He lingered wistfully over the thought of this Andean Venusberg, and then went on to other stories — of the image on a mountaintop whose wounds were always fresh and unhealed, of the valley where the Indians cured every ill with a single miraculous plant that was called in Quechua "the herb more mighty than God!" He laughed a little at his tales, but there was also, in the way he spoke, an implied suggestion that they should not be rashly dismissed, that this was a land "where anything might happen."

Yet, despite its air of detachment from the rest of the country — a detachment emphasized by geographical barriers — the land of high plateaus and valleys that lies among the Andes is in many ways the most intimately Peruvian of all regions. It is the centre of the Inca past, threaded by the remains of its roads and dotted with the ruins of its cities. It is the region where more than half the Peruvians still live. And it has a life unlike that of any other South American region.

We travelled into the sierra by the British-owned railway from Lima. It rises in an apparently endless succession of switchbacks until, at the height of more than 15,800 feet, it crosses the eastern range of the Andes. At this point the air is so thin that, as a matter of routine, an attendant patrols the train with an oxygen bag to give aid to passengers who succumb to mountain sickness.

There is one other railway into the mountains, which we also travelled; it runs from the coast near the Chilean border to the graceful colonial city of Arequipa in the foothills, and thence to Lake Titicaca and Cuzco.

Into the great areas that lie beyond and between these railways we had to travel — by bus, or station wagon, or even by truck — over roads that were sometimes so narrow that the traffic went down one day and up the next, and often so perilous that the corners would be decorated with little wooden crosses to commemorate those who did not make it; twenty crosses in one spot would mean that a bus had gone over the edge.

The world one reaches by such means is a place of bare magnificence. There are few native trees, and only in the last fifty years has the alien eucalyptus given grace to many a formerly shadeless valley. High on the slopes, where even this hardy tree does not clamber, lie the farms of the Indian communities. The rocks are grey, or sometimes a glowing volcanic red; the bunch-grass that grows between them is a clear yellow-green; and perched at what seem quite improbable angles, are the "hanging fields", a patchwork of yellow for barley, orange for the local millet, and green for the ubiquitous potato. All these colors are rendered intense by the clear, white sunlight of the uplands, but this light also has a peculiar effect of eliminating the sense of relative distance, so that each mountainside looks like a vast, painted backdrop.

The people who cultivate the "hanging fields" and work — for thirty cents a day or less — in the haciendas of the valleys, are Quechuas, whose ancestors, under the Incas, built the stone terraces

A valley where time stands still.

that run like contour lines along many of the hills. They are robust, ruddy-faced people. "Drop any of them in Khatmandu," said a Himalayan traveller we met in Puno, "and they'd pass for Nepalese."

The women dress very vividly, and I have seldom seen a sight as colourful as that of the thousands of Indians who gather from the mountain villages every Sunday for the *feria* at Huancayo, the busiest market of the Andes. Down the long main street of the town, and around its two plazas, move the girls and women in their heavy, embroidered skirts, their bright capes, and the striped carrying clothes in which they sling their babies on their backs. Orange, yellow, red, purple — the colours are always arresting, and no self-respecting Quechua woman would wear less than five or six skirts at a time. The newest are on top, and a woman who is proud of her clothes will hitch the upper garments so that one cannot help seeing the splendour of her lower skirts as she walks through the streets, busily twirling her spindle.

Every phase of Indian life is represented in a market like that of Huancayo. Trains of beribboned llamas step delicately and disdainfully with their burdens of farm produce. Merchants arrive from the coast, selling all kinds of manufactured goods, from nails to mattresses, but there are also plenty of vendors of native handwork, such as pottery and carved gourds, red and purple sashes and brown alpaca ponchos. A half-breed woman weighs out dried green leaves for a poor Indian whose feet are shod in pieces of uncured llama skin; it is coca, which will sustain him in the cold, hungry hours of field work. On the stall of the *curandera,* or medicine woman, there are not only herbs and magic gold rings, but also dried snakes, dead condors, fox skins, the impedimenta of a witch's sabbath. And in the main plaza the musical instrument sellers make the air throb with their little skin drums and wail with their cane flutes, which vary from treble squeakers two feet long to ponderous ten-feet instruments with tones like bassoons. These give music for the *huayno,* that tempestuous Andean dance in which the customary Indian restraint is thrown aside and the women whirl in frenzied circles with their babies swinging rhythmically on their backs.

West of Huancayo, beyond almost lost towns like Ayacucho and Abancay, we reached Cuzco, the most beautiful city of the Andes, with its baroque churches filled with magnificent red and gold paintings by sixteenth century Indian primitives and its narrow streets running between those grey stone walls of the Incas which have stood unshifting through conquests and earthquakes alike. And beyond Cuzco there was Machu Picchu,

The Indian girls dress vividly.

the last citadel of the Incas, perched on a remote peak in the midst of mountains covered with dense green pelts of jungle vegetation.

But the place where I felt most of all the isolation of this mountain world of the Andes was on the bleak shores of Lake Titicaca, that great inland sea, twelve thousand feet above the ocean, where the rainbow trout run almost as big as Tyee salmon. There, among the dense reedbeds, we encountered the poorest and most withdrawn people of all. They were descendants of the ancient Urus, a dying race which held this region long before the Incas.

To preserve a little freedom from modern impositions, these people have retreated on to the very waters of the lake. They live on quaking platforms of reeds, called floating islands; their homes are rough bivouacs of reed mats, and they fish in *balsas,* or canoes, which are also made of reeds.

On the "island" we visited, all but the men were clad in worn-out rags, and the only food in evidence was a few dried fish and some barley, bought by bartering fresh fish, which an old woman was mashing with a stone to make *chicha,* the beer of the Andes. They spoke only a little broken Spanish, but it was clear that we, and the Peruvian who brought us, were unwelcome, and as we drifted away the men who were fishing nearby lay down in their canoes and put their hats over their faces; it was, our companion told us, because they feared we would photograph them and use the prints for sorcery. Whether this was true I cannot say, but the desire of these people to be left completely alone in their depressing poverty was evident enough, and it illustrated in an extreme way the sharp line of division between the world-conscious Peru of the coast and the Indian world of the Andes, with its enduring desire to retreat from external influences.

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Stress as Angel and Devil

by Robertson Davies

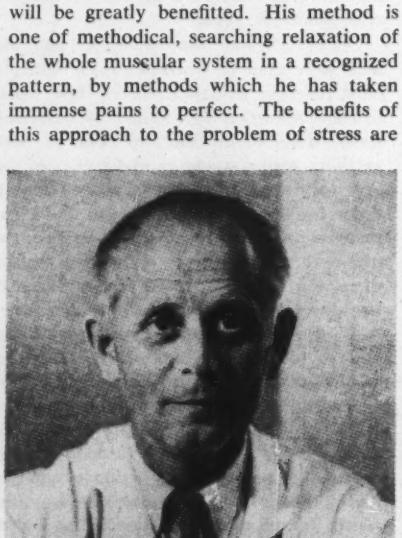
FOR AT LEAST five years the medical world has known of the work of Dr. Hans Selye, the director of the Institute of Experimental Medicine and Surgery at the University of Montreal, who has, since 1936, been investigating the part played by stress in health and disease. His theories and his findings have been criticised, and like all innovators in medicine or any other science, he has found disciples and detractors. But his work has now reached a point where he feels it is safe to write a popular book about it, and *The Stress of Life* is a very good book indeed. It allows those of us who have little or no scientific training to follow the steps of a notable train of investigation; it gives us also an insight into the way our bodies and minds work which should be valuable to those who are capable of reasoning from the abstract to the particular.

Stress is nothing new in medicine or life. We can all see it at work in others, and feel its effects in ourselves. But our haphazard and undirected observations are a very different thing from Dr. Selye's painstaking experiments and statistical reckonings, carried on over many years under the exacting conditions of scientific experiment. We have a notion of stress; he has exact knowledge of it.

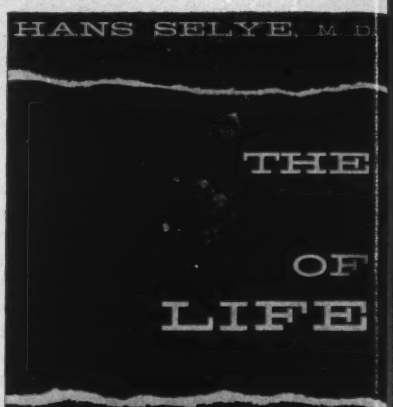
It would be unwise for me to try to summarize what he says on this complex subject; very generally, his contention is that certain symptoms which are common to the onset of many illnesses — loss of energy, generalized aches and pains, pallor, and the mental conditions which usually accompany these physical symptoms—are signs of a general adaptation syndrome, or G.A.S., and show that the body has rallied its forces to meet the attack of a disease, or stressor; the power of the G.A.S. is more important than the disease itself, for in its strength lies our defence. Therefore anything which depletes the power of the G.A.S. is dangerous to health. Indeed, Dr. Selye puts forward a new theory of disease which is of more than ordinary significance to the layman, for it offers him a new insight into what health is, and how it may be maintained. The understanding and control of stress is part of a happy and productive life.

Numerous methods, of greatly varying value, for meeting and coping with stress have been made known, during the last fifty years. Middle-aged people remember the Physical Culture movement, which was designed to combat the growing disuse of the body in a mechanized age. There was a rash of exercises, "daily dozens", and "breathing methods" of all sorts. There were countless diets, some of which had value and some of which were merely eccentric. A dozen varieties of New Thought and its gaseous congeners have come and gone. Never before in history has there been so much done to quiet the apprehensions of people whose ailments range from a slight sense that all is not well with them to fully developed neurasthenia, or physical illness of a kind that defies treatment. And of late years heart disease has become a bugaboo to millions whose hearts appear to their physicians to be sound.

From among all these attempts to meet stress and defeat it, two deserve special mention. In 1929 Dr. Edmund Jacobson published a large book called *Progressive Relaxation*, in which he explained in detail the therapy which he later described in a more popular form in *You Must Relax* (1934). There can be little doubt of the value of Dr. Jacobson's work; if you do as he says, preferably under the care of a physician who understands and favors his method, many physical ills can be improved or removed, and general health will be greatly benefitted. His method is one of methodical, searching relaxation of the whole muscular system in a recognized pattern, by methods which he has taken immense pains to perfect. The benefits of this approach to the problem of stress are



Dr. Hans Selye: Exact knowledge.



Jacket Design

many but the difficulties are great; they are, simply, that the last thing tense people really want to do is relax, and that Dr. Jacobson's method requires assiduity and concentration of a kind which tense people do not ordinarily possess. In other words, it is hard to do, and it depends primarily on the patient himself. It is so much quicker and more dramatic to gulp a tranquillizer.

Dr. Jacobson's method of meeting stress was called, by him, "nervous re-education". By contrast, the discovery of F. M. Alexander might be called "muscular re-education". Alexander was not a physician, but a pragmatist. In his youth he suffered from a variety of distressing symptoms which resisted medical treatment, so he set out to cure himself, and by trial and error he discovered that all his ills—they were failures of function—arose from wrong muscular use of his body. After nine years of experiment he had evolved a theory of what he called "the primary control" of the body.

This control, which exists powerfully in animals, has been very much weakened in man; briefly, it is a muscular pattern which integrates the skeletal and muscular structure of the body, causing it to operate harmoniously rather than in conflict with itself. It is a relationship of the head, neck and back which, encouraged and strengthened, preserves health and minimizes the effects of gross harm to the body; a man with a leg injured by infantile paralysis, for instance, will learn by Alexander's technique to use his body with the greatest efficiency possible under his circumstances, and will avoid much of the racking effect on the whole body which an uncontrolled limp brings about. Alexander's work may yet be recognized as one of the great scientific discoveries of the twentieth century.

But again, there are serious disadvan-

ages to Alexander's technique; it can only be learned from a qualified teacher, it demands much time and patience from the pupil, and the re-learning of the use of the muscles presents psychological hurdles which are not easily surmounted. It is not every tense or distressed person who will face such an ordeal.

People generally, and sick people perhaps more than most, want quick results, and they are not eager to do anything for themselves. They want magic, and they resist radical changes in their habits of life. Jacobson's and Alexander's methods, both of which demand that most of the work be done by the patient or pupil, will always be selective; the patient sheep will persist, and the eager goats will turn aside from the difficulties. Would it not be delightful if Dr. Selye provided some quick and easy method for combatting stress?

This is precisely what Dr. Selye is unable to do. In the last section of his book he gives excellent advice to those who are tearing themselves apart, or grinding on their bearings, because they have not learned to get the maximum of effect from the minimum of effort—which is the secret of efficiency in bodily and mental health, as well as in mechanics. He does make the important point that disease can be *somatopsychic* as well as *psychosomatic;* this was also one of Alexander's great points—that bad use of the body may affect the mind, just as trouble in the mind may beget trouble in the body. Body and mind are a unity, and who dares deny that the entelechy, or the vegetative intelligence, or whatever you choose to call the wisdom of the body, has no influence on the mental capacities or the moral outlook?

Dr. Selye obviously believes that this is true, and what he says about meeting stress in daily life is excellent. But his good counsel meets the same problem as Jacobson's and Alexander's — those who can understand him will be those who already have some hard-won wisdom of their own in this realm; those who are most under stress are the victims of a pattern of thought and bodily habit which can only be broken by an extraordinary act of the will. The tyranny of habit patterns in physical and mental life is still very little understood. This does nothing whatever to diminish the brilliance of Dr Selye's scientific work, or to lessen the value of his discovery. But it does mean that, though his delightfully written book will tell us all what stress is, it has no magic to rid us of stress itself.

This book, which sells for $5.95 in the U.S.A., will cost you $7.15 in this country. This sort of thing is part of the stress of being a Canadian.

The Stress of Life, by Hans Selye, M.D.—pp. 305, diagrams, glossary and index—*McGraw-Hill—$7.15.*

QUIZ

This Matter of Race

by Bergen Evans

Doesn't the popular conception of race at least roughly distinguish racial from national characteristics?

Garbo

NO, IT DOESN'T. In fact, the vagueness of the popular conception can hardly be better illustrated than by the frequency with which "racial characteristics" and "national characteristics" are used interchangeably, as though biological and geographical determinants were identical. Thus we hear that the Germans have "organizing" minds (though they were the last people of Europe to get organized as a nation), that Italians are temperamental (though they endured Mussolini cynically for twenty years), and that Swedes are phlegmatic (though two of our greatest tragic actresses, Greta Garbo and Ingrid Bergman, are Swedes).

The folly of such generalizations is shown by the sweeping revisions that have had to be made in the popular conception of the Russian character. *Time* for many years made much of its assumption that "the Russian mind" was incapable of dealing with modern mechanized civilization. Today the assumption has veered sharply.

Hasn't anti-Semitism had a racial basis ever since the Crucifixion?

Shylock

NO. WHILE the Jews have been persecuted in Europe for many centuries, the original grounds for persecution were social or cultural, not racial.

It is true that Jews were reproached for having killed Christ, and that they were accused of murdering children in order to use their blood in evil rites. They were infidels, and so without the pale of decency. They were usurers, open sinners under the Church's ban. They wore strange clothes. They lived apart. And in their hearts, it was known, they thought themselves better than other people.

Only in modern times have people believed that the Jews were innately different. Shylock might be a monster, but Lorenzo was not thought to sully noble blood by marrying his daughter, once she had been properly baptized.

Doesn't a definite "philosophy of race" go back to ancient times?

Bergman

NO, IT IS OF quite recent formulation. The codifying of the idea of race into a definite philosophy was accomplished by Count Joseph Arthur de Gobineau (1816-82), a reactionary minor writer of the Second Empire, who, to support his own aristocratic pretension, attacked the philosophy of the French Revolution and declared the brotherhood of man to be a vain and empty dream because it was based upon the fallacy of human equality.

Isn't it true that the British had nothing to do with the formulation of racist ideology?

Hitler

NOT QUITE. At least one Briton had a great deal to do with it. A book, which flattered the Kaiser and inspired Hitler with the assurance that the Germans were the master race, was published in 1899 by an Englishman, Houston Stewart Chamberlain. Though it bore the sober and even scholarly title, *The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century,* it carried Gobineau's flights of fancy clear out beyond the gravitational pull of sanity.

Chamberlain, confusing linguistics and genetics, exalted the "Aryans", and included as Aryans all who were, in his opinion, exalted. Gobineau had feared the debasing of the whites by Negro blood. Chamberlain perceived that the most insidious means of this debasement was the Jews, who were "particularly dangerous" because they couldn't be distinguished from anybody else.

The Trend Towards Giganticism

by Mary Lowrey Ross

WHILE THE END of 1956 presented a rather dismal picture generally, the prospects in the field of entertainment have never seemed brighter. Television is happy, Hollywood is happy, the independent producer feels wonderful, records sales are up, and Elvis Presley is making a million dollars a year. The only person who can't look forward to a joyous New Year is the small exhibitor, who is being simultaneously deprived of his public and his product. No one knows quite what will become of him and Hollywood is far too busy turning out supplies for its best and newest customer to bother about his fate.

The year 1956, in fact, may go down on the records as the year Hollywood discovered that the cloud it so much dreaded was actually big with blessings. It is true that the screen must share its market with television, but this now appears to be an advantage to both, since the market is insatiable and the natural solution is for Hollywood to channel a large part of its product through TV. Some of the smaller Hollywood studios have turned almost entirely to TV film-making. Many of the larger ones make a profitable sideline by whipping up the half-hour Ready Mix serials that form the bulk of television programs; and meanwhile all the studios, big and small, are profitably disposing of their old films on late hour television shows. (The hats look funny, but the plots have hardly changed at all.)

Largely as a result of all this interchange, money is free and Hollywood, as giddy with riches as a dime-store heiress, has been well able to afford such extravagances as *The Ten Commandments* which cost thirteen and a half million dollars, and *Oklahoma, Friendly Persuasion* and *War and Peace*, which couldn't have been far behind that figure. In addition, they were *The King and I, Guys and Dolls, High Society, Moby Dick* and any number of other cinemascopic wonders which might have rated as colossal in anything less than a year of prodigies.

The two industries, while still rivals, no longer appear to regard themselves as competitors. Spectacle and extravaganza are beyond the capacity of the living-room screen, which is content to leave them alone. It can, however, use almost anything else the screen has to offer, cutting it down to size. It can also make contributions of its own (e.g. *Patterns* and *The Catered Affair*, which Hollywood can adapt to its own scale. In fact, the two industries seem to have arrived at the friendly status of neighbors who swap supplies and samples over the back fence.

The only people who lose out by these arrangements are old-fashioned moviegoers who enjoy a good film of average length, or even a Grade B Western or mystery, uninterrupted by commercials. They don't want the whole outdoors brought indoors, or to sit through four hours while four streams of stereophonic sound play over them simultaneously. Unfortunately, the screen seems less and less inclined to meet these simple demands. Instead, it now leans to dramas that stretch out the action and landscape almost illimitably.

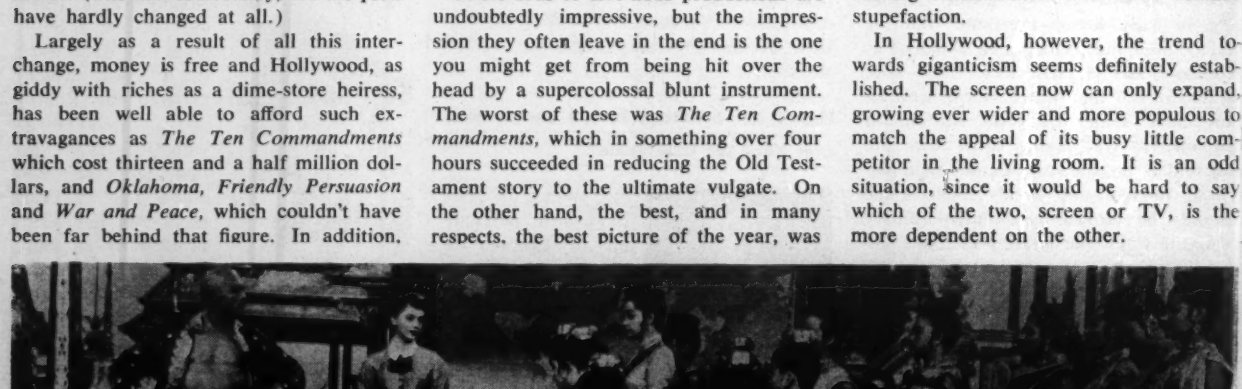
These four to five-hour productions are undoubtedly impressive, but the impression they often leave in the end is the one you might get from being hit over the head by a supercolossal blunt instrument. The worst of these was *The Ten Commandments*, which in something over four hours succeeded in reducing the Old Testament story to the ultimate vulgate. On the other hand, the best, and in many respects, the best picture of the year, was

Year's best: "Lust for Life". Anthony Quinn and Kirk Douglas.

the cinemascopic technicolored *Lust for Life*, the Vincent Van Gogh biography which deliberately set its processes to the task of intensifying and illuminating its story.

Throughout 1956 the British studios, for the most part, continued to operate on the old-fashioned scale. *Richard III*, to be sure, got the full treatment and absorbed it magnificently. So, though on a lesser scale, did *Wee Geordie*, the funny and beautifully scenic Scottish comedy, and *The Battle of the Plate*, a meticulous reconstruction of the life and death of the Graf Spee. There were, however, a generous number of relatively modest offerings — including *The Prisoner* and *The Lady Killers*, both starring Alex Guinness, *Simon and Laura*, a lively comedy, *The Long Arm*, an intelligently constructed and exciting mystery — all obviously designed for movie-goers who are satisfied with absorbing entertainment and don't demand stupefaction.

In Hollywood, however, the trend towards giganticism seems definitely established. The screen now can only expand, growing ever wider and more populous to match the appeal of its busy little competitor in the living room. It is an odd situation, since it would be hard to say which of the two, screen or TV, is the more dependent on the other.



Yul Brynner and Deborah Kerr in "The King and I". "Colossal in anything less than a year of prodigies."

Steady on the Rails

by Brian Cahill

He was marked as Presidential timber quite a few years ago and was carefully groomed by a canny Board not noted for being the first to try the untried.

IT IS DOUBTFUL if the name of Norris R. Crump will appear in Canadian history books or be on the tongues of contemporary Canadians as often as those of Lord Mount Stephen, Sir William Van Horne, Lord Shaughnessy, Sir Edward Beatty and other colorful figures in the concurrent stories of Canada and the Canadian Pacific Railway.

This is not because Mr. Crump could not, or would not, be a colorful figure if the times called for the displays of personal, political, financial and executive pyrotechnics that marked the early days of what has become the world's largest privately-owned transportation system. But the CPR today is dignified, sober-sided and cautious—some people say it is cautious to a fault—and its next big mention in the history books will probably come only if it goes out of business and is taken over by the state.

Mr. Crump is dedicated to the proposition that this would be a highly undesirable finish to the story of the CPR—and to the task of preventing it. To the task he brings impressive personal qualifications and more practical knowledge of the day-by-day workings of his business than most of his predecessors. But his is a managerial task rather than one involving promotion, publicity or politics and he must act accordingly.

When Mr. Crump took over the presidency of the CPR in 1955 there were some who looked for big changes. The publicity surrounding his ascent to the top job brought frequent mention of the fact that he had "come up the hard way" from a start as a 16-year-old track laborer. Writers found phrases such as "hard-driving engineer" and "veteran railroader" hard to resist. And of course the fact that somewhere in his career Mr. Crump had picked up the nickname of "Buck" was not overlooked.

But it was sometimes overlooked that Mr. Crump — these days "Buck" is not tossed around the CPR quite as lightly as it used to be—was noted as presidential timber quite a few years ago and was carefully groomed for the job by his immediate predecessor, William A. Mather, and a board of directors not noted for being the first to try the untried. He had, in other words, a training in conservative railroad management and nothing he has done since, at least as far as the public knows or is likely to know, has indicated any disposition to tie down the throttle and take a chance on having the old CPR jump the tracks.

Norris R. Crump

His problems are too well known to need reiteration here — rising costs, fixed revenues, strong competition, a mass of restrictive legislation and the inevitable inertia of a 75-year-old business complex that includes 21,834 miles of track, 37,991 miles of air routes, 16 hotels, 195,161 tons of shipping, 87,000 employees and assorted oil fields, mines, telegraph lines, stockyards, slaughterhouses and grain elevators.

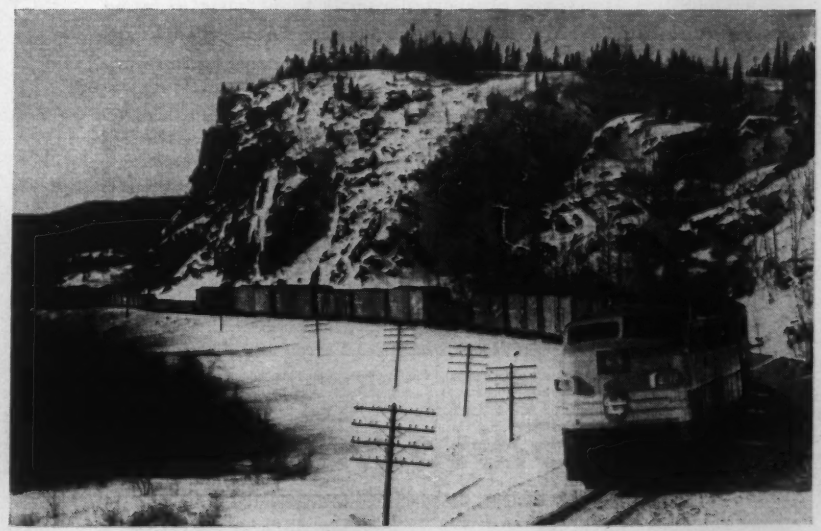
Mr. Crump is not, of course, daunted by his problems.

He has said that he does not remember where the nickname "Buck" came from. But anyone who has swung a shovel or a pick on a work gang will remember that there was usually a tough little fellow around who, whatever his given name, was known to the rest of the gang as "Bucky" or, for short, "Buck." It was not always wise to use this nickname to his face because it had connotations of "cockiness" that might not be entirely welcome. It described a man small in stature but self-confident, aggressive and able to cope with any task assigned to him.

This is a fair description of N. R. Crump, M.E., LL.D., D. Eng., D. Sc., president of the Canadian Pacific Railway and director of the Bank of Montreal, the Mutual Life Assurance Company of Canada, Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company of Canada, Canadian Pacific Airlines, Canadian Pacific Express Company, Vancouver Hotel Company, Duluth, South Shore and Atlantic Railroad, Midland Simcoe Elevator Co. Ltd., etc., etc.

The man who bears the weight of all this responsibility was born in the mountain railroading town of Revelstoke, BC, on July 30, 1904. His father was an English-born railroader who joined the CPR as a section hand in 1890 and who retired as superintendent of the road's Kettle Valley Division. His mother, the former Eleanor Edwards, was of Canadian pioneering stock. Her family moved to Portage la Prairie from Dundas, Ont., in 1883.

Young Crump joined the CPR at 16, before he had completed high school. His "pick-and-shovel" period was not long; soon he was a machinist's apprentice in



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the shops at Revelstoke, shortly moved on to Field and then to Winnipeg. In Winnipeg he worked in the shops by day, earned his matriculation at night school. In 1926 he obtained leave of absence and entered Purdue University at Lafayette, Indiana, "the railroad school of North America". Summers he came home to work off his apprenticeship and to earn money to go back to university.

In 1929 he got his Bachelor of Science degree at Purdue. Ten years later, after surviving the depression and getting married, he went back to Purdue and took a degree in mechanical engineering. His thesis significantly, was on diesel locomotives—he fathered the dieselization program of the CPR.

These "earned" degrees were followed in the fullness of time by honorary degrees from Queen's in 1950, from Purdue in 1951 and from Laval this year. A strong believer in the provision of educational opportunity, he is a member of the advisory committee of the School of Business Administration of the University of Western Ontario, a member of the Corporation of Bishop's University, Sherbrooke, Que., and president of the Rhodes Scholarship Selection Committee of Quebec.

He maintains the interest in mechanics which served him well as he climbed from machinist to locomotive foreman, master mechanic, chief draftsman and assistant superintendent of the motive power and car department at Winnipeg, before he moved East into the operating and executive side of railroading. In the workshop of his home in Hampstead, a suburb of Montreal, he has built up and repaired a collection of old guns. He likes to ski and to play golf but gets little time for them these days.

During the five years before 1948, when Mr. Crump held office as general superintendent, general manager of eastern lines and then vice-president of eastern lines at Toronto, he began to pile up experience not only in the management side of railroading but in broader job of being a top executive of the Canadian Pacific Railway. This involved a lot of public speaking and a knowledgeable interest in the general industrial growth and special economic problems of Canada. All was part of his training for the presidency.

In 1948 he moved to Montreal as senior vice-president and W. A. Mather's right hand man. Mather gradually handed over more and more responsibility to his energetic assistant and when he retired last year Crump had, for all practical purposes, been running the CPR for over a year.

His election to the presidency was a foregone conclusion. And it is fairly safe to predict that, whatever the CPR's future place in Canadian history, N. R. Crump will not be mentioned in a footnote as a man who failed to keep the old railroad strong enough to enjoy that future.

Kindling the Fires of Friendship

by J. Alex Edmison

TAYLOR STATTEN, who died recently in Algonquin Park, Ontario, had a career in youth work and camping possibly without parallel in Canada. Like his artist friend, Tom Thomson, he passed away at storied Canoe Lake. Near him, in his Little Wapomeo Island cabin, was the large stone fireplace which Thomson had helped build so many years before. It bears this inscription:

"Here let the Northwoods Spirit
Kindle Fires of Friendship".

The "fires" which Taylor Statten, or The Chief as he was called by many thousands, himself kindled were many and varied. There were those of friendship, most certainly. There were also those of inspiration to youth, the full dramatic effect of which must await a future time for proper evaluation.

Taylor Statten, a native of Erindale, Ontario, became Boys' Work Secretary at Central YMCA in Toronto in 1905. His long "Y" career included postings as Provincial, and then Canadian, Boys' Work Secretary. In 1921 he was appointed Secretary to the National Boys' Work Board. In 1914 he originated and, with a group of other interested persons, set up the Canadian Standard Efficiency Training Program for Tuxis Boys and Trail Rangers. He left his imprint on the careers of countless Canadians when these projects gained popularity throughout the country. One prominent corporation president, W. Harold Rea of Toronto, in accepting, earlier this year, the chairmanship of a fund-raising campaign for youth work, announced he was motivated in so doing by his early contacts with Taylor Statten. Thus, in more ways than in a song does a soul "go marching on."

"Canada's Mr. Camper" was the fitting designation given Taylor Statten. He was responsible for at least fifty-two camps conducted by the YMCA, the first being at Lake Couchiching in 1905. In 1920, he conducted a leadership training course at Canoe Lake and there in the following year he inaugurated Camp Ahmek for boys. This private camp soon established standards of camping which attracted outstanding leaders, among them Ernest Thompson Seton, the naturalist, and Jack Miner, the bird-life expert. Ahmek's reputation became widespread. It continues now under the direction of Taylor Statten's sons, Dr. Taylor Statten Jr. of Montreal and Dr. Page Statten of Toronto.

The late Taylor Statten

In 1924, a girls' camp, Wapomeo, was also established on Canoe Lake by Mr. and Mrs. Taylor Statten, despite warnings that co-educational camping would surely ruin Ahmek. Both, however, prospered under skilled co-operative management with a program controlled to the needs of various aged boys and girls. The camp alumni has now reached considerable proportions and the third generation of Statten campers has started to enrol. The family tradition has continued at Wapomeo, too, with the Statten daughter, Adele (Mrs. J. H. Ebbs), in an active directional role. Taylor Statten was the first President of the Canadian Camping Association and the only Canadian to be elected President of the American Camping Association. His international camping influence will live on also in distant India, where in 1938 he established Camp Tonakela, near Madras, for underprivileged children.

Just one year ago, a Reunion Dinner was held at the Albany Club in Toronto of those who had been associated with Taylor Statten at Canoe Lake in the Nineteen Twenties. The Club was jammed, and that is why the function was restricted to those from this special period. Similar gatherings could easily have been held of his associates from other decades.

The Chief was in rare form that night. He was photographed with his wife and camping helpmate, "Tonakela"; his friend

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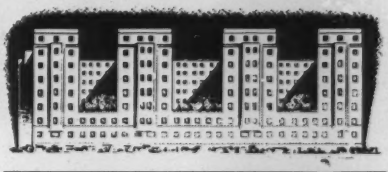

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and business manager of thirty-five years, George W. Chubb; his faithful camp chef, since 1921, Pierre Sauve of Hull, and his Canoe Lake neighbor since before World War I, Mrs. Jean Pirie of Dundas. He moved around among such long-time camping neighbors and friends as C. A. G. Matthews and Jack Ridpath, stalwarts like himself, of the Arts and Letters Club of Toronto. (The latter's late brother, Bruce, had been his canoeing instructor at Camp Ahmek in 1922, after long careers in professional hockey and championship canoeing.) He greeted and exchanged reminiscences with such old youth work confreres as the Rev. C. A. Myers, DD, and W. R. "Bill" Cook of Toronto. (These were representative of the army of church and YMCA officials with whom Taylor Statten had worked since the turn of the century.)

Above all, at this Reunion, the Chief mingled with his "boys" — and they were still that to him even though now "in middle age serene". Who were these "boys"? Therein lies the real story of Taylor Statten's impact on his day and generation. Wires and letters arrived from many throughout Canada and the United States who are now in key community positions. A fair sampling of those who were actually at the Albany Club that night would include such prominent University of Toronto officials as Joseph McCulley, Warden of Hart House, Director Charles E. Hendry of the School of Social Work, Dr. J. Harry Ebbs, Director of the School of Physical and Health Education, and Dr. C. Roger Myers, Chairman of the Department of Psychology. Others on hand were Ronald H. Perry, Headmaster, Ashbury College, Ottawa, Robert E. K. Rourke, head of the mathematics department of Kent school in Connecticut, and such business leaders as Col. Roland A. Harris of Toronto and A. Gordon Nairn of Oakville. One member of the Reunion Committee was David J. Walker, QC, well-known Progressive Conservative. Best wishes were received from David Lewis, National Chairman of the CCF, from Robert M. Fowler, QC, of Montreal, Chairman of the Royal Commission on Broadcasting and from Dr. Hedley S. Dimock of California, author and leadership authority. These and many others had felt the impact of the personality of "The Chief of Ahmek" and were generous in acknowledging his contribution to whatever success and opportunity for service life had afforded them. Men like Herbert F. Bell, Toronto financier, William R. McCulley, New York book publisher, Richard S. Van Valkenburg, Toronto art director, and J. Alan Broadbent, Vancouver insurance manager, have at different times testified somewhat as follows: "He taught us not only the skills of the out-of-doors, but more important, how to get along with other people."

BUSINESS

Why and How to Borrow Money

by J. Ross Oborne

A GOOD LINE of credit in our present day economy is more important than a family tree.

Great changes have taken place in the last ten years in the public acceptance of the use of credit. At one time, not so long ago, "buying on time" was almost a disgrace and even a house with a mortgage on it was a secret to be kept in the family closet.

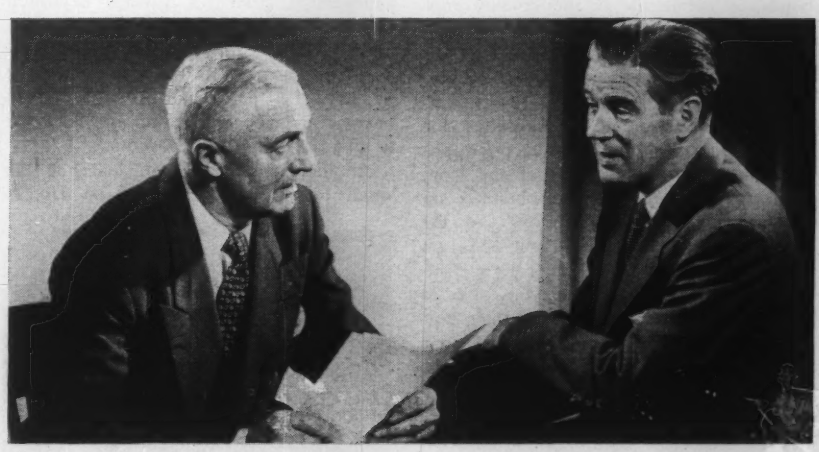
When we look back on those days we may well wonder why such an attitude prevailed. It did not quite make sense, for certainly some people were borrowing money and making good use of it. Most businesses, for example, used their credit in one way or another for expansion purposes.

The great awakening about credit has taken place among plain average intelligent citizens. The many today are learning to take advantage of a medium that at one time was used by the few.

The reasons for the sudden and overwhelming use of credit are many, but perhaps one or two are most significant. Unquestionably and unobtrusively people have come to believe that our economy is in an inflationary trend, and that it will continue so, as far ahead as anyone would care to look. To the Average Man, inflation means one thing; that money loses value in terms of purchasing power. People will be paid more money in the future for the same job. People will have more dollars later to pay for items bought now on credit.

Another apparent reason for credit expansion is the mushroom growth of the old natural complex of "keeping up with the Joneses." Advertising of all kinds and descriptions is designed to fan the desire to buy the latest, newest 1958 model in the fall of 1956.

The Average Man subjected to these barrages, beliefs and complexes coupled with protection against the past, present and future in the form of health, accident and disability insurance, family allowances and old age pensions, has lost the will to save. Not only has he lost the desire and need to save, but he has gone on the greatest spending spree that this country has ever seen.



The friendly banker is more a banker than a friend these days.

Perhaps this spending spree in itself is not a dangerous thing. Perhaps it is just a lot of people catching up in a short space of time what they might have been doing for years. Perhaps if we charted Canada's Gross National Product since 1920 against a chart of the use of credit, we would find a picture that did not reveal any great over-expansion.

We must think also of the tremendous satisfaction of human wants that has taken place. People have been able through credit to buy and enjoy things that a few years ago would have been completely beyond their reach. Credit has created a new standard of living for the ordinary citizens of the North American continent that is the envy of the rest of the world.

All good things must come to an end. Here in Canada the machinery that grinds away in the hidden places is geared to slow down the expansion of credit. No doubt such action is warranted as our economy has come a long way in a very short time. Only so much credit is available and it is only right that control should be exercised to ensure that maximum benefits for the good of all are obtained.

People will go on using credit. It will take a minor calamity to shake people's confidence in the future of Canada. Only if confidence is overtaken by fear of the future will people drastically reduce their "time" buying.

There are many different ways of using the two main forms of consumer credit, which are cash loans and credit advanced for the purchase of goods. Perhaps if we explore some of them it will help some of us who are not yet credit converts; and it may show some of us that, if we must use credit, we can do it on a wiser and safer basis.

The simplest and most embarassing form of borrowing is to obtain money from friends or relatives. Such borrowing can seldom be relegated to a purely business transaction. The lender is generally penalized because he never obtains an interest rate high enough to compensate for the risk of loss of friendship. The advice that Polonius gave to Laertes (*Hamlet, Act I, Scene III*) should be digested by any who contemplate either side of a transaction of this kind.

The bank is the next avenue to explore. The friendly banker is more a banker than a friend these days. He has definite ceilings on his loans and his terms are harder. If you have already established a contact with him in the past and showed evidence of prompt payment, you still stand a good chance of obtaining your loan. It will be less than you wanted to borrow, it will probably cost you 6% interest, and it will be callable at the

bank's discretion in a year. You will borrow by signing a "note" which will probably require the co-signature of some fairly responsible person, if you have no collateral acceptable to the bank. The bank does not normally favor collateral in the form of real estate, home furnishing or cars. Insurance policies, bonds and stocks are preferable.

At this point the would-be borrower, if he has been turned down by the bank, should take careful stock of his assets before proceeding further.

In order of liquidity of assets, bonds would come first. Loans can normally be readily obtained from the bank using bonds as collateral. If the coupon rate of the bonds is lower than the interest rate to be paid, then the bonds should be sold unless they are down considerably in price. If such is the case an investment dealer should be consulted for advice in regard to possible price improvement during the term of the loan. In general, loans can be obtained on Government bonds up to 95% of the market value and up to about 85% on corporation bonds.

If you own stocks that you wish to use as collateral, you will find their borrowing power much more limited than bonds. On first grade securities, the banks will lend up to about 50% of market value. Under some circumstances, banks will accept quite speculative securities, but in general follow the pattern set by stockbrokers. The latter will also lend up to 50% on stocks as a maximum but will not accept as collateral any security selling for less than a dollar, and that on a recognized stock exchange.

If you have no mortgage on your house, or if you have paid off some percentage of the original mortgage, you have a good avenue for borrowing. If you have no mortgage, an insurance or trust company will arrange a mortgage for you with little difficulty. On a first mortgage these days, you will pay between 6¼% and 7¼% depending on the size of the mortgage and the value of your home. A mortgage taken out on your home would bring you in a maximum of about 60% of present market value. Lawyers' fees would also be incurred in arranging the mortgage.

If your mortgage is a relatively small one, the person or company may be willing to raise it, but it would likely be at a higher rate of interest. You would also, no doubt, have the privilege of paying off the mortgage and substituting it with a pre-arranged larger mortgage taken out elsewhere.

If neither of these courses applies, there is always the avenue of a second mortgage. This could possibly be arranged on a three to five-year basis with an interest rate of 7% to 9%. Added to this, there is sometimes a discount of as much as 20%. It is obvious that this type of borrowing should be used only as a last resort.

If you have an insurance policy (other than term) on which you have regularly paid premiums, you have an asset with some borrowing power. A portion of the money that you have paid in (the "cash-surrender" value) will form a base for a loan that can be arranged at about 6%.

If you happen to belong to a Credit Union, then you are in a favored position to obtain money on reasonable terms. A Credit Union is a voluntary association of individuals created for the purpose of providing low interest-bearing loans to its membership from the savings deposited by its members. The sum loaned on an unsecured basis may amount to as much as $400. The interest rate cannot exceed, by law, 1% per month of the unpaid balance and any net profits are disbursed as dividends to the depositors.

Another source of cash loans is the small loans companies, such as House-

Payments in monthly instalments.

hold Finance Corp. They should not be confused with the sales finance companies which will be described later.

The small loans companies — or personal finance companies, if you will — specialize in cash personal loans, usually on the security of chattel mortgages on household furniture or cars.

These lenders, however, are mainly concerned with the character and stability of their customers rather than with the value of the furniture they may pledge. Records show that in very few cases do lenders ever seize furniture to satisfy an unpaid loan.

The present legal maximum rate in this field is 2% per month on loans up to $500 with no restriction on higher amounts.

An amendment to the Small Loans Act passed at the last session of Parliament comes into force next year and limits the rate to 2% per month on the first $300 of unpaid balance, 1% per month on the unpaid balance between $300 and $1,000 and ½% per month on the last $500. There is no restriction on rate above $1,500, and it is to be expected lenders will charge more in this area than they are allowed to charge on loans up to $1,500 since they contend these rates are too low to permit the broad loan service they have been so far providing.

Under the new law, the rate on a $1,500 loan repaid to maturity according to the agreement works out to 15.2% per annum, while the rate on a $1,000 loan would be 17.36% per annum.

With general interest rates rising as they have this year, the lenders who borrow much of the capital they use in their business are caught between the sharp reduction in the rates they may charge on the one hand, and the rising cost of borrowed money on the other.

The other type of finance company, the sales finance company, such as Traders Finance, advances credit, through dealers, to purchasers of such things as automobiles and trucks. Other companies also include advances on refrigerators, stoves etc. These companies normally require a down payment of one fifth to one half of the selling price, depending on the amount and whether the article is new or used. Rates, too, vary with the amount of credit, higher rates being applied to the smaller amounts of $100 or $200 decreasing when the amount of the credit is higher. Generally speaking, the rates on new cars are lowest at about 14% per annum while used car rates go as high as 30% with appliances falling in between. Payments are usually made in equal monthly instalments which include both carrying charges or interest, and principal.

In some cases retail dealers handle their own instalment credit without going through a sales finance company. Their rates are comparable with those quoted above.

There are a few other methods of obtaining credit, such as charge accounts for merchandise, food, gasoline, etc. These in the main are of short duration, generally one month, and do not quite fall into the category of credit dealt with above. Pawnbrokers have a field all their own.

In the months ahead, there is every evidence to believe that it will become increasingly difficult to obtain credit and that the interest charges will become more and more prohibitive.

At this juncture, any who can revert from the position of a borrower to that of a lender will be handsomely rewarded.

Keep in mind that money is of a prolific generating nature. Money begets money, and its offspring begets more.

Canadian Investment in U.S. Subsidiaries

by R. M. Baiden

YOU'LL BE HEARING a lot more about Canadian investment in U.S. subsidiaries operating in this country.

So far there has been a steady parade of officials — government, company, investment house and business officials — telling us what a wonderful thing it would be to increase our equity interest in these subsidiaries.

Some of the most vociferous agitation has come from one of this country's ablest pressure groups — the investment community. One of the things inspiring it is undoubtedly the glimpse of an almost untapped source of good business.

When a company makes stock available, the investment house buys at wholesale and sells at retail. In this connection, a campaign featuring some discreet flagwaving and a judicious amount of pie-in-the-sky (Canadians should share the wealth of U.S. subsidiaries) is just about sure-fire bait for Canadians already concerned over the spread of U.S. influence.

It may not have been planned that way, but that's the way it will probably work out.

The significant fact in this investment situation is the projected revision of Canada's tax treaty with the U.S. The Canadian Government, in sympathy with the general clamor, approached Washington to remove any pretext that our tax laws imposed a penalty on the sale of shares in Canada by U.S. subsidiaries.

The change, approved by Ottawa and slated for U.S. approval early next summer, extends the 5% rate of withholding tax to U.S. subsidiaries with ownership control as low as 51%. Currently, only subsidiaries which are 95% U.S.-owned qualify for the 5% rate, the others paying 15%. The legislation also allows the 51% ownership to be split up among as many as four owners—provided each has at least a 10% share.

The withholding tax is essentially a reciprocal income tax agreement between the U.S. and Canada. It sets the rate at which each country retains, or withholds, earnings originating in the other.

The only question that remains is why should Canadians be interested in investing in these subsidiaries? Some hard-headed investors can think of reasons against it. Here are some of them:

The companies are owned and controlled by U.S. interests. The effect of Canadian stock holdings will be negligible in affecting company policy. Management will still tend to regard the Canadian company as a training ground for the home office. There are, of course, exceptions.

There is no guarantee that the operations of a foreign-owned company will be more successful than those of a domestic company. The Canadian offspring of a foreign company might, in fact, be held back or otherwise directed in the best interests of the parent.

Balancing these arguments are the considerations that a U.S. company with Canadian operations is probably "over the hump" as far as problems of development are concerned. It will generally have more extensive facilities for research and development.

Another factor of considerable potential importance is the public relations value inherent in stock offerings. Companies could offer their employees stock-purchase plans, give the public token participation to satisfy the desire to invest and make a point of raising money for the development of the Canadian company from Canadian sources.

But the growing clamor for Canadian participation shouldn't obscure the basic fact: American industry and capital has meant hundreds of thousands of jobs for Canadians and has been a major factor in the building of this country.

If it hadn't been so, we might not now have the money to buy into those same industries.

Trading in Commodities

THE STOCK MARKET has had the jitters. Investors are nervous. The reason—uncertainty about international developments.

But the investor still wants to put his money to work. The speculator still wants to trade. Just about everyone still wants to make money. So where can he go? To the market that offers the richest rewards—and the severest disciplines—of all; to the market that is foodstuffs, new hats, cars and industrial development.

He can go to the commodity market, the one described by financial observers as the least understood and most ignored —by the average investor and speculator —in Canada. It's not ignored by the professionals.

Like the stock market, the commodity market revolves around prices and deals in opinions as to whether the price will go up or down.

And whether you are a primary producer, who would want a high price for your particular commodity, a consumer who wants a low price, a manufacturer who wants a stable price or a speculator who wants to profit on price movements, there's a place for you in the commodity market.

What is the commodity market? It's the buying and selling of basic materials. It operates on a "spot" or "cash" basis for immediate delivery and on a "futures" basis for delivery at a future time.

For those not concerned directly with the materials, the commodity market is essentially a trading medium over a short period of time. It is not an investment market since the trader makes a commitment to deliver or accept a certain amount of a given commodity at a set date in the future.

Actually, he never sees the material. If he thinks prices of a particular commodity will rise within, say, three months, he buys today, at today's price, and if it rises, he sells at a profit. Conversely, if he thinks the price will fall, he sells at today's prices and covers his position on the specified delivery date.

How commodity markets are used to make profits will be examined in a later article.

Trading on the commodity market can be relatively simple if you have a particular interest in one commodity and examine and follow its supply and demand closely. For example, a grain farmer is naturally interested in market and crop conditions. It is quite possible for an average individual to make a concentrated study of all the factors governing the price of a particular commodity.

You can take your pick: barley, butter, cocoa beans, coffee, corn, cotton, cottonseed meal, cottonseed oil, eggs, flaxseed, hides, lard, metals (copper, tin, zinc, etc.), millfeeds, oats, onions, potatoes, crude rubber, rye, grain sorghums, soybeans, soybean meal, soybean oil, sugar, wheat, wool and tops.

Information for assessing prospects for any commodity is readily available. Specialized brokers are equipped with up-to-the-minute quotations and information. Whichever one you should happen to choose, there is room for handsome profits.

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Condensed Annual Statement

30th November, 1956

ASSETS

Cash on hand and due from banks (including items in transit)	$ 585,749,787
Government of Canada and provincial government securities, not exceeding market value	715,005,707
Other securities, not exceeding market value	492,218,188
Call loans, fully secured	165,289,376
Total quick assets	$1,958,263,058
Other loans and discounts	1,295,093,026
Mortgages and hypothecs insured under N.H.A. (1954)	186,200,416
Bank premises	30,690,073
Liabilities of customers under acceptances, guarantees and letters of credit	93,174,380
Other assets	7,877,367
	$3,571,298,320

LIABILITIES

Deposits	$3,278,375,435
Acceptances, guarantees and letters of credit	93,174,380
Other liabilities	13,046,872
Total liabilities to the public	$3,384,596,687
Capital paid up	50,298,893
Rest Account	135,737,122
Undivided profits	665,618
	$3,571,298,320

STATEMENT OF UNDIVIDED PROFITS

Profits for the year ended 30th November, 1956, after provision for depreciation and *income taxes and after making transfers to inner reserves out of which full provision has been made for diminution in value of investments and loans		$12,467,268
Dividends at the rate of $1.80 per share	$8,299,783	
Extra distribution at the rate of 25¢ per share	1,260,000	9,559,783
		$ 2,907,485
Transferred from inner reserves after provision for *income taxes exigible		3,000,000
Balance of undivided profits, 30th November, 1955		918,133
		$ 6,825,618
Transferred to Rest Account		6,160,000
Balance of undivided profits, 30th November, 1956		$ 665,618

*Total provision for income taxes $13,410,000

JAMES MUIR,
Chairman and President

K. M. SEDGEWICK,
General Manager

Money and a Pipeline

He likes the spirit of the people behind the project and the high finances involved in it. He is confident that Trans-Canada pipeline can be completed on schedule. The great interest shown in the financing has been in excess of the highest hopes.

WHEN 39-YEAR-OLD Robert Charles Berry enters his modern Toronto office at 8:30 a.m., his morning coffee serves as a prelude to a day packed with figures, reports, and more figures. He is used to this daily avalanche of statistics; he is treasurer of Trans-Canada Pipe Lines Ltd. In addition to his responsibility to the company for the $250 million involved in the Trans-Canada Pipeline, he must also keep an eye on the daily expenses of the organization, which has over 150 people on the payroll.

Berry is, in his own words, "quite confident that we can repay the government loans by April 2, 1957, and go on to complete the pipeline. We have now completed approximately 230 miles of the pipeline even though we suffered a major set-back on our schedule due to the steel strike. And the great interest shown in our debenture and stock issue, even before it goes on the market, is in excess of our highest hopes. I know we aren't being optimistic when we say that barring any national emergencies and strikes, we can successfully complete the line within the time limit we have set for ourselves."

Robert C. Berry

He enjoys his job. "I like the spirit of the people behind the project and the high finances I am involved in." Figures have always fascinated "Bob" Berry. When he was a student in St. Lambert High School, in suburban Montreal, he was prodded by his father to enter accountancy. "I couldn't afford to go to university, so I took the course the hard way". The "hard way" was to serve as an apprentice in an accountant's office and attend three evening lectures a week for five years. Berry qualified as a Chartered Accountant in 1941.

As soon as he got his certificate, the 24-year-old accountant enlisted in the RCAF as an airman second-class. Because of his background he took training in navigation — "even though I wanted to be a pilot". He served in the India-Burma theatre, "flying Dakotas for supply-dropping to the British Army in Burma." In 1945 he was discharged with the rank of Flight Lieutenant.

Berry immediately joined the firm of Deloitte, Plender, Haskins, & Sells, chartered accountants in Montreal. Six months after joining the firm he was promoted to senior assistant and in 1950 he became a partner. Three years later he became senior partner, and in this capacity he personally handled such accounts as Canadian Vickers Ltd., Continental Can Co., and Imperial Tobacco.

He joined Trans-Canada Pipe Lines on October 1, 1956, when the firm decided to employ a full-time treasurer.

He lists "an amateurish game of golf" and gardening as his hobbies, but says he hasn't had much leisure time since moving to Toronto in October. "Some of my time has been taken up in searching for a home. We finally succeeded in buying a two-storey eight-room house in North Toronto. It may be a little large for just my wife and me, but we were both used to that type of home in Montreal".

While living in Montreal Berry was a member of the Canadian Tax Foundation, Institute of Internal Auditors, Canadian Legion, Canadian Chamber of Commerce-Public Finance and Taxation Committee, and the Montreal Board of Trade.

He prefers the Toronto subway to his 1955 Buick for his daily trips to the office, which he leaves at 6 p.m. "The Toronto traffic jams are just too much for an average man to cope with." He often finds it necessary to take work home with him where he can "look over important papers without being interrupted by telephone calls". At the same time he knows the value of relaxation.

Berry and his wife (they have no family) take a month every summer to visit Cape Cod, "my favorite resort because of the wonderful seafood". The pipeline treasurer stands five feet seven inches and weighs a trim 145 pounds. He looks a little younger than his 39 years. But, he says, "the important thing in business is ability, not age".

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CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY

Dividend Notice

At a meeting of the Board of Directors held today a regular dividend of seventy-five cents and an extra dividend of twenty-five cents per share on the Ordinary Capital Stock was declared in respect of the year 1956, payable in Canadian funds on February 28, 1957, to shareholders of record at 3.30 p.m. on January 4, 1957.

By order of the Board.

FREDERICK BRAMLEY, Secretary.

Montreal, December 10, 1956.

SNP

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AD-151

Gold & Dross

Isotope Products

Is Isotope Products a good investment?—Y. K., Port Arthur.

This would hardly be classed as being of "investment grade." Isotope Products is a struggling company in the field of applying knowledge about atoms to peacetime industrial uses. It recently underwent a financial transfusion and currently is trying to expand its activities, particularly in the United States.

It will need good management, ample cash, and top scientific brains to overcome the many obstacles in the way of any relatively new industrial organization.

It would appear that the company has always had the scientific know-how, since its founders were important government researchers. Management structure undoubtedly has been strengthened through the activities of the new financial interests.

Isotope Products is an interesting company to watch and for an individual who has the spare cash and business knowledge to evaluate its affairs could make an attractive "industrial speculation". This appeal might be emphasized by the fact that the stock sold at a new low of $1.15 recently, coming down steadily from a 1956 high of $2.60.

It is doubtful if the financial sponsors of this company will let the shares stay down at the low for very long.

But, Isotope is not for "widows and orphans".

Willroy

Would you please let me know the position of Willroy, especially in relation to earnings in the next few years?—G. R., Toronto

Willroy isn't producing yet. The company this year completed financing to put its property into production with a 750-ton daily capacity mill. Production probably won't start until late 1957. Willroy has outlined well over 2 million tons of copper-zinc-silver ore at its Manitouwadge area property.

All sorts of guesses can be made about potential earnings, but like any other business, it should operate for a while and all bugs should be ironed out before any really good look can be taken. Even such factors as markets for its products can change over the next few months.

However, an investor should keep in mind that Willroy has incurred a $5.5 million debt which matures early in 1963. This means the company will be setting aside 60% of its net operating profit annually to retire these outstanding bonds. Obviously, it will take some time until

any sizeable proportion of earnings sift down to shareholders.

One of the fairly-attractive features of a mining company in this early stage of development is the often relatively low price of the shares. It is often possible to acquire shares in a developer when the general public is ignoring the stock.

Then, the investor must have the patience and resources to sit it out while the property comes into production, reduces or wipes out its debt and starts paying dividends. The purpose in this type of investment is to buy a known potential and wait for it to bear fruit. There is no question of speculating in drill-hole markets.

Willroy shares currently trade at about $2.80, well up from a low of $1.70 and down from a high of $3.40 touched early in 1956.

Canadian Breweries

What are the growth possibilities for Canadian Breweries?—F.E., Dundas.

Essentially, growth prospects of Canadian Breweries are tied directly to success of its U.S. subsidiaries. And this depends on growth of the beer-drinking market. Of course, there is also room for considerable growth in Canada but the potential here would be more directly retailed to population growth.

In the U.S., potential is wide and will widen as Canadian Breweries' subsidiaries expand operations to become a "national" organization tapping every market from the east to the west coast.

If the past is any indication, the future is very bright. Success has amazed U.S. brewing interests who have watched the Canadian Breweries subsidiaries jump into a top spot in the business.

This success raised some temporary problems in the form of organized opposition seeking restrictive legislation aimed directly at Canadian Breweries. This attempt failed and the fight for a larger share of the U.S. market is in the more traditional form of hard-selling.

Canadian Breweries appears to have the major advantages in the straight competition of hard-selling. Management is excellent in the U.S. and the company is able to talk about selling a "premium" beer at regular prices.

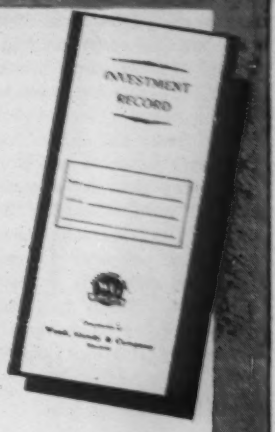
Other factors which enter into consideration of the growth prospects of any brewing company include age of the population. Beer drinkers (in any number) usually are not old men. Another consideration isn't quite as favorable. Brewing companies like to sell beer on the basis of its being the "beverage of the masses" when compared with whiskey. They, like distilleries, encounter considerable vociferous opposition from "temperance" advocates.

The dangers in this opposition are obvious. Any time a government is likely

January—
Time to Revalue Securities

The beginning of the year is an appropriate time to have a valuation made of your security holdings.

We shall be pleased to do this for you without obligation and enter the information in an "Investment Record" folder. This "Investment Record" will contain the current market price of each of your securities and will show your monthly and yearly investment income.



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THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE
DIVIDEND NO. 280 AND EXTRA

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of thirty-five cents per fully-paid share on the outstanding Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending January 31, 1957, payable at the Bank and its Branches on February 1, 1957, to shareholders of record at the close of business on December 31, 1956.

Notice is also hereby given that an extra dividend of twenty cents per fully-paid share on the outstanding Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared, payable at the Bank and its branches on February 1, 1957, to shareholders of record at the close of business on December 31, 1956.

BY ORDER OF THE BOARD
N. J. McKinnon,
General Manager
Toronto, December 7, 1956

BRITISH COLUMBIA POWER CORPORATION, LIMITED
DIVIDEND No. 13

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a dividend of thirty-five cents (35c) per share on the outstanding Common Shares of the Company has been declared payable 15 January, 1957 to shareholders of record as at the close of business on 21 December, 1956.

The transfer books of the Company will not be closed.

By Order of the Board.
G. G. WOODWARD,
Secretary.
Vancouver, B.C.
6 December, 1956.

to take a sympathetic view towards problems of the brewing industry on such matters as special taxes, there is always a hue and cry about catering to the "beer barons." Yet, in recent years, profit margins of breweries have been whittled down and the industry has tended to concentrate in fewer and bigger hands as small firms were squeezed out by higher costs.

Assuming that the climate for the industry is good, Canadian Breweries, because of its aggressive advertising, promotion and operational changes designed to improve efficiently in manufacture and distribution, should be able to increase its share of the beer market. That is the key to any financial growth.

Okalta Oils

Should I sell or hold Okalta Oils at around $3—R. A. N., Montreal.

Okalta is currently trading at about $2.25. It has moved between $3.25 and $1.78 so far this year. Whether $3 is a sell or hold point would depend on the reasons behind any move up to $3.

As a company participating in the oil and gas play in Western Canada and elsewhere, Okalta appears to be developing in a fairly smooth fashion. It has been attempting to increase its flow of incoming cash by obtaining proved land or absorbing companies with production.

The problem of cash flow is a pressing one for the industry, since development and exploration of landholdings requires money. With government monetary policies aimed at making money harder to get, a company that can see income from production monthly is in a position to undertake exploration and development. This is what Okalta has been doing.

The attraction of this company from a development standpoint lies in its interests in Southeastern Saskatchewan, where oil companies have been extremely active throughout the year. This has been the scene of the "big play" in 1956.

In addition, Okalta is interested in land in the St. Lawrence River lowlands in Quebec, where there has been considerable speculative activity. Work in this area could focus market attention on Okalta if it is favorable.

Depending on the factors behind any rise in Okalta to $3, we would tend to class it as a "hold" because of its growing flow of cash from production and its widespread acreage interests, which tend to put it in the class of a "going concern" rather than of a firm struggling for survival.

In Brief

What is your opinion of the value of shares in Northern Copper and Nickel Mines?—A.J.B., Grande Prairie, Alta.

No opinion. The company doesn't exist anymore.

Protection of Retail Stock

by William Sclater

BUSINESSMEN will find the recently-introduced All Risks Commercial Property Floater a very interesting practical example of the trend towards the combining in a single instrument of insurance protection of a number of risks and hazards, that formerly required several policies.

The policy is applicable to almost any retail, jobbing or wholesale operation. It is designed to insure stock, furniture, fixtures and tenants' improvements. Goods can also be covered while on pickup or delivery and in transit.

The stated coverage is "on stock in trade including all necessary materials and supplies, the property of the insured, or of others for which the insured is liable, all usual or incidental to the insured's business. . . . .

"On trade and office furniture, fixtures (other than landlord's fixtures), fittings, utensils, machinery and all other trade and office contents, excluding stock in trade . . .

"On property in the custody of salesmen."

In an all-risk policy of this nature, there are usually certain common or reasonable exclusions in coverage applied.

Exclusions take two forms, covering property and specific perils. It should be kept in mind that, as in most underwriting agreements, there is a measure of flexibility. It is often possible to include certain property or hazard coverage by special endorsement, that may involve additional premium and would not normally be included in the basic policy.

Buildings are not insurable under this form. Furs and garments trimmed with fur are excluded, though in the case of a risk like a ready-to-wear retail outlet due allowance could be made for a percentage of fur-trimmed garments and even for some sample fur coats in stock, by special endorsement.

Property in the custody of salesmen outside the premises of the Insured may be covered by endorsement also.

Neon and other signs are excluded, except where loss or damage is caused by fire or any of the supplemental coverages perils. These too can be included for all-risks by special endorsement.

Flood peril is an exclusion, but it does not apply to property in due course of transit.

Loss or damage due to extreme changes of temperature, dampness or dryness of the atmosphere, leakage of contents, breakage of glass or similar fragile materials, contamination, corrosion, scratches, is not covered unless it results from: fire, lightning, windstorm, hail, explosion, riot, strike, civil commotion, aircraft, vehicles other than transporting conveyances, rupture of pipes or breakage of apparatus, sprinkler leakage, vandalism, malicious mischief, theft, attempted theft or accident to transporting conveyance.

Loss or damage by delay, loss of market, loss of use, moths, rodents and vermin is excluded. So are mysterious disappearances or shortages disclosed on taking inventory. If a sewer backs up, however, and stock is damaged, there is full coverage.

Businessmen applying for this new policy must complete a Commercial Property Floater application giving a clear statement of the values at risk, and the locations. It is important that this application be comprehensive in order to secure proper coverage.

Cost of the new All-Risks Commercial Property Floater varies with amounts and values of stock and fixtures at risk and the governing circumstances, but here is an example of the coverage applied to a retail hardware outlet in the Toronto area where the stock is insured for $10,000 and the furniture and fixtures for $3,000.

If we figure an annual fire rate, including the supplemental coverages, at 60 cents per $100 on the stock, and a rate of 43 cents per $100 on the fixtures, this would work out at an annual premium for these coverages of $60 for the fire and $12.90 for the furniture and fixtures coverage, a total annual premium of $72.90.

The loading rate charged for the additional multi-perils coverage on the stock would be about 85 cents a $100 for the first $5,000 and 25 cents per $100 for the second $5,000, giving an additional premium of $55.00. The loading for all-risk on furnitures and fixtures is 10 cents per $100 or $3.

These two, added to the $72.90 of the fire and supplemental coverages annual premium make a total of $130.90. This would be the annual premium charged for the All-Risks Commercial Property floater on the retail hardware store in these circumstances.

Puzzler

by J. A. H. Hunter

THIS IS difficult, and that's the way it should be for our readers. But I want to avoid a flood of complaints that there's no solution, so here's a hint.

In normal figuring we use the scale of "10", but we might well have been trained to some other scale of numbers. In the scale of "4", say, we would write our number 45 as 231: in terms of our figuring, that is (2 x 16) plus (3 x 4) plus 1.

So today's teaser is not in the scale of "10", and that's what makes it doubly interesting. Each letter, of course, stands for a different figure and you are asked to interpret the word "NOTED".

KIM) NOTED (ONE
OAK
EDE
EVO
DID
DID

(Thanks for the idea, to:
W. Butterworth, Kitchener, Ont.)

(39)

Answer on Page 30.

Chess Problem

by 'Centaur'

EDWARD NARROWAY is an Englishman, and professionally a music-teacher. In between he does some composing with sharps and flats, and occasionally presents some original idea with the chess pieces. In No. 157 below he gives the theme a decided lift with an uncommon flight-square. The flight naturally limits the number of variations, but the problem is further enhanced by a very good try to catch the unwary.

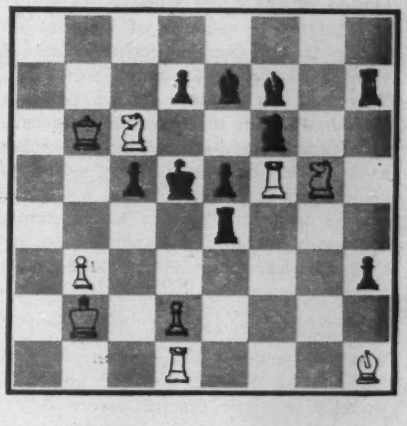
Narroway is no relation of the former Canadian champion, the late J. E. Narraway of Ottawa, (a different spelling).

Solution of Problem No. 156.

Key-move 1.R-B6, waiting. If P-B5; 2.B-B8 mate. If QR any; 2.B-K2 mate. If R-R6; 2.Q-K2 mate. If PxB; 2.Kt-R-6 mate. If R-R7; 2.KtxR mate. If P-Q6; 2.Kt-K3 mate. If Kt-B7; 2.QxP mate.

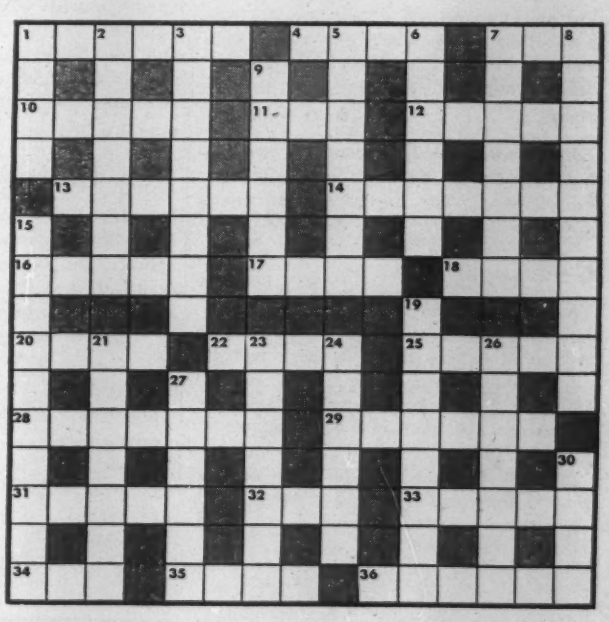
Problem No. 157.

by E. Narroway, Port Alberni, B.C.
White mates in two.



Here We Go Again

by Louis and Dorothy Crerar



ACROSS

1, 30, 7. Jan. 1; Dec. 31. (4, 2, 4, 3)
4 Drop around if you get the urge. (4)
7 See 1A
10 See 8
11 On New Year's she really makes a day of it. (3)
12 Singer who appeared with a harp at titled person's homes. (5)
13 Wine, but not dine, here! (6)
14 Overcast? Yes! Oh, joy! (7)
16 Plants ten yards yet isn't present. (5)
17 A grain of haggis. (4)
18 Just a notion 3 has in his head. (4)
20 See 30.
22, 9, 30. Where we go at midnight, Dec. 31. (4, 4, 2, 4)
25 You must get out and do better! (5)
28 After tea they spit—and get paid for it! (7)
29 Sin, bum! You'll still get a halo. (6)
31 They go back to rest without their tea, by the sound of it. (5)
32 We're sure salt lost its savor for him. (3)
33 You'll need elbow room to do this. (5)
34 In distress? So's this! (3)
35 You really have to have an answer for this. (4)
36 See 30

DOWN

1 Goya in meditation. (4)
2 He doesn't profess to be a mature convert. (7)
3 He will tilt, as it were, under 18. (8)
5 Return the M.P. (2-5)
6 Take a dose with a little bit of Epsom inside. (6)
7 No bed for the in-patient here. (7)
8, 10. 1957 A.D. (4, 4, 2, 5)
9 See 22.
15 When good they may be walked on by the Devil. (10)
19 Pig keeper? Yes! Celebrated in Scotland. (8)
21 "The New Year reviving old . . . . ." (Omar Khayyam) (7)
23 One must, to make a good resolution. (7)
24 A tiny hand, but bigger than its mate. (6)
26 Push along and run inside! (7)
27 A letter from Pearson made him human. (6)
30, 20. When this occurs, there might even be a "dry" seen staggering. (4, 4)
30, 36. 1956; 1957. How time passes! (4, 2, 4)

Solution to last puzzle

ACROSS

1, 15, 5, 31, 13. It is more blessed to give than to receive
5 See 1A
10 Tie
11 Replace
12 See 17D
13, 15. See 1A
16 Shingle
17 Cat's-paw
20 Sherbet
22 Reunion
24 Holiday
27 Sincere
28 Bar
29 Grammar
30 All
31 See 1A
32 Assesses

DOWN

1 Interests
2 Ice
3 See 17D
4 Represent
6 Overeat
7 Items
8 Emend
9 Lamb
14 Chime
17, 12. Christmas eve
17, 3. Christmas morning
18 Price
19 Wenceslas
21 Bedight
23 Unnerve
24 Habit
25 Lorna
26 Year
30 Ass

(406)

Letters

Intolerance

Thanks to Harold Weir for his "Intolerant Look at Tolerance" and to you for publishing it. I note that in many ways it runs counter to opinions you have expressed in The Front Page — interesting and heartening evidence of editorial integrity in presenting different points of view. My own loyalty must go to Mr. Weir and his stirring defence of each individual's right to choose his associates and friends. There is really no such thing as a "mass" of people. Each society is made up of individuals, and it is a grave mistake to try to force a namby-pamby conformity on all. To paraphrase an ancient limerick, the result would be most horrid. . .

HALIFAX — JOHN BARRON

Why you would publish such an article as the one by Harold Weir at any time would be a puzzle, but just before Christmas, it was an atrocity. With the world torn by hatred and prejudice, an attack on tolerance is the last thing needed. If our children and their children are to live in any sort of decent world, they must learn to be tolerant of each other and of all the other people in all the other countries. . .

TORONTO — MARY HANNING

Editor's note: Mr. Weir made a clear distinction between tolerance and "the cult of tolerance". The former he praised as a virtue, the latter he condemned.

Greetings

Your so-called Season's Greetings, proffered on The Front Page, were a desecration of a holy time. To wish evil to anyone at such a time is utterly un-Christian. The immortal words dedicated to the peace of mankind were not meant just for "men of goodwill", but extended "goodwill to men" — to men of all shapes, sizes and beliefs, everywhere. . .

VICTORIA — FRANCIS HENDERSON

Thank God that you did not indulge in the mealy-mouthed hypocrisy, so common at this season, in your "Greetings" . . . It seems that for a few days around December 25, we are supposed to love everybody, even the enemies who try to steal our minds and destroy our bodies— but for the rest of the year we can be sensible. It is not merely a matter of sense, however. It is spiritual betrayal even to talk of kindliness and goodwill towards evil men like the Communist leaders who are intent on destroying not only our political liberty but our faith in God. . .

WINNIPEG — T. F. COLLINGWOOD

Why the snide reference to President Eisenhower as "a sort of beardless Santa Claus" in your "Season's Greetings"? No one can deny that the President is a good man, in the truest sense of the word, and he has filled his office with that goodness. He is one of the few chiefs of state in the world today whose policies are based not on expediency and selfishness but on a high morality . . .

ALBANY, NY — CARL J. WILLIAMS

Your Season's Greetings were delightful, particularly the reminder of "the deep, strong sound of mutual friendship and goodwill" between the neighbors north and south of the border . . . A month or so ago, many of us in this country were afraid that Mr. Eisenhower would turn out to be a sour sort of Santa Claus, but he has proved us to be wrong — and you recognize that development in a good-humored way . . . The note of bitterness in the references to Hungary and the Soviet comes as a timely reminder that, despite our hopes, all is not sweetness and light in our world — yet.

BUFFALO, NY — FRANK TASKER

Holy Hollywood

In your Film Review "Hollywood and Holy Writ" your spiritual perception and appreciation is only surpassed by your desire to leave the impression that you know all the tricks of photography, lighting and electronics. It is hardly news to your readers that the stupendous Red Sea passage "couldn't be crowded in to one operation, even in CinemaScope." Certainly de Mille knows better than anyone else the limitations of camera and screen.

Would you care to offer a more adequate means of depicting the burning bush or the reception of the commandments? Let us recognize greatness where it exists. Church History will gladly make room for this production.

TORONTO — J. HARRY FAUGHT, B.A. TH.D.

Editor's note: Our film critic did not question Mr. de Mille's technical brilliance. In fact, she applauded it. But she did question his good taste.

Canadian Uniforms

Superficially, you made an attractive argument for more "Canadianism" in the Army. I must agree that the establishment of Canadian Guards, patterned after the British, was a sorry mistake. But when you speak of distinctive uniforms, you are not on solid ground. The battledress and beret are no longer distinctively British, but are used by a variety of armies, from Israelis to Indians. Originally these armies may have adopted the battledress because of the availability of supplies, but there is no doubt that they have retained it because of its eminent suitability as a practical and soldierly form of clothing for troops. Even Americans recognize this fact — the Eisenhower battle jacket is an adaptation of the battledress "blouse" . . . It would be a mistake to change unless something even more practical could be devised.

MONTREAL — PAUL CHENIER

Expatriates

The Canadian who emigrates to England and stays Canadian will not assimilate there any more than the unchanging Englishman does here. And for writers and artists to expect otherwise points up the crudity of the Canadian mind. Let the leopard keep his spots and who will take him for a tiger? In Canada the Englishman is a "bronco" for staying English; and here we have Canadians going "over 'ome" looking for love. Come, come. My own case: here 33 years and not truly "accepted" yet. Why? My accent is a trifle different. My own fault in a way. I never even mention such a thing in writing about Canada. . . Thanks for the Cohen article, anyway.

TORONTO — JAMES [illegible]

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